



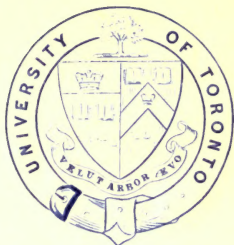
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THE TROUBADOUR

SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH VERSE



PHILIP GIBBS



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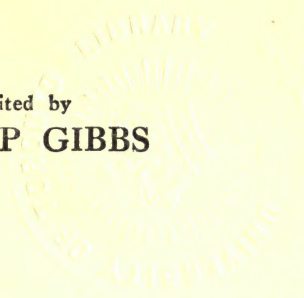
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The Troubadour

Selections from English Verse

Edited by
PHILIP GIBBS



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P R E F A C E

IN the old romantic days, when books were scarce, and those who could read them scarcer still, the most welcome guest at castle or cottage was a troubadour, with harp slung upon his back, and a scroll of music in his wallet. He was a wanderer who did not tarry long in one place. Yet, wherever he stopped—in some feudal town or wayside village, in the hall of a baron, or the shed of a serf—there would linger for many a day the strains of some of his songs. The baron would shout them out lustily as he went a-hawking, the lady would sing them at her spinning, and the peasant would chant them at his plough. The troubadour's songs were of many kinds. He sang of the deeds of heroes, the beauties of Nature, the glories of God, of honour, courage, self-sacrifice and love. He was the teacher as well as the singer.

As a tiny tribute to those old wandering minstrels this little book has been called "The Troubadour." As the troubadour of old went from castle

to manor, from farmhouse to cottage, so it is hoped this book will find its way from home to home, from school to school, into playroom and study.

The poetry is of the best. Not a piece has been included but has received the crowning testimony of time, or bears the imprint of a master's name. The book would be a large one that would include a hundredth part of that great collection of masterpieces which is the birthright of every man of British breed, but although the present volume has no claim to such ambition it is such a collection of good things as any troubadour would be proud to own.

"The Troubadour" has lays and lyrics for many moods. In the year of grace 1900, when this book was first sent forth, the prevailing mood was "*Pro Patria*," and therefore in the forefront of the book are to be found some noble and heart-stirring ballads of such worthy patriots as Alfred Tennyson, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Campbell, Felicia Hemans, and William Shakespeare.

"In Days of Old" will bring back to the memory of modern gallants some of the brave deeds of their forefathers, told by such honest troubadours as Robert Southey, Lord Macaulay, and Henry Longfellow.

"A Troubadour's Lyre" gives voice again to

many a lyric that rings most sweetly in well-tuned ears, for who could sound the lyre better than Tennyson, Shelley, Wordsworth, Kingsley, Lamb, or Adelaide Procter ?

Many a brave old legend is retold in that part of "The Troubadour's" repertory called "In Fancy's Realm," and here, again, appear the names of some worthy ballad singers, among whom are Scott, Lytton, Keats, Cowper and Longfellow.

With "The Devout Singer" "The Troubadour" sings verses that have come from the hearts of poets who strove to teach their fellow men the path of duty, mercy, charity and piety.

In "Nature's Mirror" shines out the glorious wisdom of Shakespeare, whose plays "hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature; to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

"The Troubadour" has light moments when he sings of "Fun and Frolic." Even poets are playful sometimes, and no company can be dull when such merry fellows as Tom Hood, Richard Barham, Oliver Goldsmith and W. S. Gilbert are gathered together.

Lastly "The Troubadour" tunes his lyre for the little ones, and "In Childhood's Hour" there are

songs by poets like Robert Louis Stevenson, William Blake and Charles Kingsley, whose bright fancy could always find time to gladden the hearts of the bairns in the nursery.

The poetry in this book has been selected with a view to being specially suitable for dramatic recitation. Most of the collections hitherto published contain a number of poems which, though beautiful in themselves, are not adapted for effective recitation, and it is one of the greatest difficulties of teachers to find suitable poems for this purpose. It is therefore hoped that this book will find its way into many schools and homes where teachers and parents believe, with the Editor, that noble poetry learnt by heart is one of the best cures for the cockneyism and slovenly pronunciation of the present day, and that the memory of those pieces learnt during school-days is one of the choicest possessions in after life.

PHILIP GIBBS.

NOTE.—Thanks are due to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Messrs. Methuen & Co., and Messrs. Longmans & Co. for permission to use copyright pieces.

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Part I.



PRO PATRIA.

THE TROUBADOUR

Part I

PRO PATRIA

THE SONG OF THE CITIES.

[This poem was written for the opening ceremony of the Imperial Institute, London, in 1893, and represents the addresses of cities of the British Empire to the Mother Country.]

BOMBAY.

ROYAL and Dower-royal, I the Queen,
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—
A thousand rills roar through me where I glean
All races from all lands.

CALCUTTA.

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,
Wealth sought and kings adventured life to
hold.
Hail, England! I am Asia—Power on silt,
Death in my hands, but Gold!

MADRAS.

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,
 Wonderful kisses, so that I became
 Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame now,
 Brooding on ancient fame.

RANGOON.

Hail, Mother ! Do they call me rich in trade ?
 Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
 And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
 Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

SINGAPORE.

Hail, Mother ! East and West must seek my aid
 Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.
 The second doorway of the wide world's trade
 Is mine to loose or bar.

HONG-KONG.

Hail, Mother ! Hold me fast ; my Praya sleeps
 Under innumerable keels to-day.
 Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps
 Thy warships down the bay !

HALIFAX.

Into the mist my guardian prows put forth,
 Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,
 The warden of the Honour of the North,
 Sleepless and veiled am I !

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,
And, fearing no man, wait !

VICTORIA.

From East to West the circling word has passed,
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue ;
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true !

CAPETOWN.

Hail ! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to
hand,
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line !

MELBOURNE.

Greeting ! Nor fear nor favour won us place,
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth,
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race
That whips our harbour-mouth !

SYDNEY.

Greeting ! My birth-stain have I turned to good,
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness :
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,
And at my feet Success !

BRISBANE.

The northern strip beneath the southern skies—
I build a Nation for an Empire's need,
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,
Queen over lands indeed !

HOBART.

Man's love first found me ; man's hate made me
Hell ;
For my babe's sake I cleansed those infamies.
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,
God flung me peace and ease.

AUCKLAND.

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—
On us, on us the unswerving season smiles.
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles ?

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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"The Seven Seas," by Rudyard Kipling. (6s.)

MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood :

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants !—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny ;
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“YE MARINERS.”

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY.

Scene.—THE ENGLISH CAMP AT AGINCOURT.

The Earl of Westmoreland. O that we now had
here

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !

King Henry V. What's he that wishes
so ?

My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will ! I pray thee wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires :

But if it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.

God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more !

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart ; his passport shall be made

And crowns for convoy put into his purse :

We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say " To-morrow is Saint Crispian " :
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say " These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day ; then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(From *Henry V.*)

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE
AT CORUNNA.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

LOSS OF THE *ROYAL GEORGE*.

TOLL for the Brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock :
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

—Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine :
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene ;
 And her van the fleeter rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak !" our captains cried, when each
 gun
 From its adamantine lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back ;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
 Or in conflagration pale
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
 "Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 And we conquer but to save :—
 So peace instead of death let us bring :
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day :
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Sons of the Ocean Isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'er-sway'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore ;
And by far Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread

For those that from their toils are gone ;
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent floods,
The western wilds among ;
And free in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on ;
Let the arrow's flight be sped ;
Why should they reckon whose task is done ?
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine boughs through the sky,
Like rose leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on ;
Let the fresh wreaths be shed,
For the Roncèsvalles field is won ;
There sleep the English dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the icefields close,
And the northern night-clouds lower.

But let the ice drift on,
Let the cold blue desert spread !

Their course with mast and flag is done,
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave,
Are not the rocks their funeral pile,
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger, track the deep ;
Free, free the white sail spread ;
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where sleep not England's dead.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills ;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear :—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
“ Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day ! ” the soldier said ;
“ To-morrow death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

Oh, they listened, looked and waited
Till their hope became despair ;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
“ Dinna ye hear it ? dinna ye hear it ?—
The pipes o' Havelock sound ! ”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.

But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear.
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbells' call :
“ Hark ! hear ye no' Macgregor's,—
The grandest o' them all ! ”

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last :
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the pipers' blast !
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
“ God be praised !—the march of Havelock—
The piping of the clans ! ”

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild Macgregor clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest—
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and home-like strain,
And the "tartan" clove the "turban,"
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The pipers' song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant ; sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow ;
The last great Englishman is low.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute ;
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no
more.

All is over and done ;
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould,
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's ear has heard them boom,

Bellowing victory, bellowing doom,
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim
 In that dread sound to the great name
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
 Mighty seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea ;
 His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
 O give him welcome, this is he,
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee ;

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dashed on every rocky square

Their surging charges foamed themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guite,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,

We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke

All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory :
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory :
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands

To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure :
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory :
And let the land whose hearths he saved from
shame

For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere.

We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting towards eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and
tears :
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,

And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

ALMA.

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although
thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them
to the sea.

Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering
Tartar known,
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four
corners blown.

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a death-
less name,
And a star for ever shining in their firmament of
fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city,
tower, and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency
like thine ;

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many
a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories
of the dead.

Yet, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can,
proudly mourning say,
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have
swept itself away—

“He has passed from us, the loved one ; but he sleeps
with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-
side.”

Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are
calm as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero
bed repose,

Thou on England's banners blazoned with the
famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above
the brave and bold.

And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some
great deed to be done,
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's
heights were won.

Oh, thou river ! dear for ever to the gallant, to the
free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to
the sea.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

INKERMAN.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER THE FIFTH, 1854.

CHEERLY with us that great November morn
Rose, as I trace its features in my mind ;
A day that in the lap of winter born,
Yet told of autumn scarcely left behind.

And we by many a hearth in all the land,
Whom quiet sleep had lapped the calm night
through,
Changed greetings, lip with lip, and hand to hand :
Old greetings, but which love makes ever new.

Then, as the day brought with it sweet release
From this world's care, with timely feet we trod
The customary paths of blessed peace,
We worshipped in the temples of our God.

And when the sun had travelled his brief arc,
Drew round our hearths again with thankful ease ;

With pleasant light we chased away the dark,
We sat at eve with children round our knees.

So fared this day with us—but how with you?
What, gallant hosts of England, was your cheer,
Who numbered hearts as gentle and as true
As any kneeling at our altars here?

From cheerless watches on the cold dank ground
Startled, ye felt a foe on every side;
With mist and gloom and deaths encompassed
round,
With even to perish in the light denied.

And that same season of our genial ease,
It was your very agony of strife;
While each of those our golden moments sees
With you the ebbing of some noble life.

'Mid dark ravines, by precipices vast,
Did there and here your dreadful conflict sway:
No Sabbath day's light work to quell at last
The fearful odds of that unequal fray.

Oh, "hope" of England, only not "forlorn,"
Because ye never your own hope resigned,
But in worst case, beleaguered, overborne,
Did help in God and in your own selves find.

We greet you o'er the waves, as from this time
Men, to the meanest and the least of whom,

In reverence of fortitude sublime,
We would rise up and yield respectful room.

We greet you o'er the waves, nor fear to say,
Our Sabbath setting side by side with yours,
Yours was the better and far nobler day,
And days like it have made that ours endure.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
 Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd ;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O, the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade !
Noble six hundred !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Part II.



IN DAYS OF OLD.

Part II.
IN DAYS OF OLD.

CARACTACUS.

BEFORE proud Rome's imperial throne,
In mind's unconquered mood,
As if the triumph were his own,
The dauntless captive stood.
None, to have seen his free-born air,
Had fancied him a captive there.

Though, through the crowded streets of Rome,
With slow and stately tread,
Far from his own loved island home,
That day in triumph led—
Unbowed his head, unbent his knee,
Undimmed his eye, his aspect free.

A free and fearless glance he cast
On temple, arch, and tower,
By which the long procession passed
Of Rome's victorious power ;
And somewhat of a scornful smile
Upcurled his haughty lip the while.

And now he stood, with brow serene,
Where slaves might prostrate fall,
Bearing a Briton's manly mien
In Cæsar's palace hall ;
Claiming, with kindled brow and cheek,
The liberty e'en there to speak.

Nor could Rome's haughty lord withstand
The claim that look preferred,
But motioned, with uplifted hand,
The suppliant should be heard—
If he indeed a suppliant were
Whose glance demanded audience there.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,
From Claudius on his throne
Down to the meanest slave that bowed
At his imperial throne ;
Silent his fellow-captives' grief,
As fearless spoke the Island Chief :

“ Think not, thou eagle Lord of Rome,
And master of the world,
Though victory's banner o'er thy dome
In triumph be unfurled,
I would address thee as thy slave,
But as the bold should greet the brave !

“ I might, perchance, could I have deigned
To hold a vassal's throne,

E'en now in Britain's isle have reigned
 A King in name alone,—
 Yet holding, as thy meek ally,
 A monarch's mimic pageantry.

“Then through Rome's crowded streets to-day
 I might have rode with thee,
 Not in a captive's base array,
 But fetterless and free—
 If freedom he could hope to find
 Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

“But canst thou marvel that, free born,
 With heart and soul unquelled,
 Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn,
 By thy permission held?
 Or that I should retain my right
 Till wrested by a conqueror's might?

“Rome, with her palaces and towers,
 By us unwished, unreft
 Her homely huts and woodland bowers
 To Britain might have left;
 Worthless to you their wealth must be,
 But dear to us, for they were free!

“I might have bowed before, but where
 Had been thy triumph now?
 To my resolve no yoke to bear
 Thou ow'st thy laurelled brow;

Inglorious victory had been thine,
And more inglorious bondage mine.

“Now I have spoken, do thy will ;
Be life or death my lot,
Since Britain's throne no more I fill,
To me it matters not.
My fame is clear ; but on my fate
Thy glory or thy shame must wait.”

He ceased ; from all around up sprung
A murmur of applause ;
For well had truth and freedom's tongue
Maintained their holy cause.
The conqueror was the captive then ;—
He bade the slave be free again !

B. BARTON.

THE BARD.

“RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears ! ”
 —Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array :—
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
 “To arms !” cried Mortimer, and couch'd his
 quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre :
 “ Hark how each giant-oak and desert-cave
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
 O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

“ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
 That hush'd the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
 Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep ; They do not sleep ;
 On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 I see them sit ; They linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
 line.

*“ Weave the warp and weave the woof
 The winding sheet of Edward's race :
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonising king !
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of heaven ! What terrors round him
 wait !
 Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
 And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.*

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
 —Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare:
 Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest,
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havock urge their destined course,
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head!
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:

The bristled boar in infant-gore

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursèd loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“*Edward, lo! to sudden fate*

(Weave we the woof; The thread is spun;)

Half of thy heart we consecrate.

(The web is wove; The work is done.)

—Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:

In yon bright track that fires the western skies

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height

Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:—

All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue,
hail!

“Girt with many a baron bold

Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

In bearded majesty, appear.

In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line:

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face

Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,

What strains of vocal transport round her play?

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd
 wings.

“The verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice as of the cherub-choir
 Gales from blooming Eden bear,
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
 cloud
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
 day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me : with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign :
 Be thine despair and sceptred care,
 To triumph and to die are mine.”
 —He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
 height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
 night.

THOMAS GRAY.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

WILLIAM COWPER.

ALFRED THE HARPER.

DARK fell the night, the watch was set,
The host was idly spread ;
The Danes around their watchfires met,
Caroused, and fiercely fed.
They feasted all on English food,
And quaffed the English ale ;
Their hearts leapt up with burning blood
At each old Norseman's tale.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
And Guthrum, king of all,
Devoured the flesh of England's beeves,
And laughed at England's fall.
Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
In mail and wolf-skin clad ;
Their bracelets white with plundered pearl,
Their eyes with triumph mad.

A mace beside each king and lord
Was seen, with blood bestained ;
From golden cups upon the board
Their kindling wine they drained.
Ne'er left their sad storm-beaten coast
Sea-kings so hot for gore ;
'Mid Selwood's oaks so dreadful host
Ne'er burnt a track before.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,
And on to Tamar stream,
Where Thames makes green the flowery strand,
Where Medway's waters gleam,—
With hands of steel and mouths of flame
They raged the kingdom through,
And where the Norseman's sickle came,
No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse
With wealth of cities fair ;
They dragged from many a father's corse,
The daughter by her hair.
And English slaves, and gems and gold,
Were gathered round the feast ;
Till midnight in their woodland hold
That riot never ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude,
Before the strong sea-king :
“Ye lords and earls of Odin's brood,
Without a harper sings.
He seems a simple man and poor,
But well he sounds the lay,
And well, ye Norseland chiefs, be sure,
Will ye the song repay.”

In trod the bard with keen, cold look,
And glanced along the board,
That with the shout and war-cry shook,
Of many a Danish lord.

But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
 Soon bent on him their gaze,
 While calm he gazed, as if to learn
 Who chief deserved his praise.

Loud Guthrum spake,—“Nay, gaze not thus,
 Thou harper, weak and poor!
 By Thor! who bandy looks with us
 Must worse than looks endure.
 Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,
 High praise each dauntless earl;
 The brave who stun this English coast
 With war's unceasing whirl.”

The harper sat upon a block,
 Heaped up with wealthy spoil,
 The wool of England's helpless flock,
 Whose blood has stained the soil.
 He sat and slowly bent his head,
 And touched aloud the string,
 Then raised his face and boldly said,
 “Hear thou my lay, O King!”

“Quick throbs my brain,” so burst the song,
 “To hear the strife once more:
 The mace, the axe, they rest too long,
 Earth cries, My thirst is sore.
 More blithely twang the strings of bows,
 Than strings of harps in gree;
 Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
 Or rosy lips to me.

“Oh, fairer than a field of flowers,
When flowers in England grew,
Would be the battle's marshalled powers,
The plain of carnage new.
With all its deaths before my soul,
The vision rises fair ;
Raise loud the song and drain the bowl !
I would that I were there !

“'Tis sweet to live in honoured might,
With true and fearless hand ;
'Tis sweet to fall in freedom's fight,
Nor shrink before the brand.
But sweeter far, when girt by foes,
Unmoved to meet their frown,
And count with cheerful thought the woes
That soon shall dash them down.”

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
Rolled fiercely round the throng ;
It seemed two crashing hosts were nigh,
Whose shock aroused the song.
A golden cup King Guthrum gave
To him who strongly played ;
And said, “I won it from the slave
Who once o'er England swayed.”

King Guthrum cried, “'Twas Alfred's own !
Thy song befits the brave ;
The king who cannot guard his throne
Nor wine nor song shall have.”

The minstrel took the goblet bright,
And said, "I drink the wine
To him who owns by justest right
The cup thou bidd'st be mine.

"To him, your lord, oh, shout ye all !
His meed be deathless praise !
The king who dares not nobly fall
Dies basely all his days ;
The king who dares not guard his throne
May curses heap his head,
But hope and strength be all his own
Whose blood is bravely shed."

"The praise thou speakest," Guthrum said,
"With sweetness fills mine ear :
For Alfred swift before me fled,
And left me monarch here.
The royal coward never dared
Beneath mine eye to stand ;
Oh, would that now this feast he shared,
And saw me rule his land !"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,
And gazed upon the king,—
"Not now the golden cup I take,
Nor more to thee I sing ;
Another day, a happier hour,
Shall bring me here again :
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power
Till I demand it then."

The harper turned and left the shed,
Nor bent to Guthrum's crown ;
And one who marked his visage said
It wore a ghastly frown.
The Danes ne'er saw that harper more,
For soon as morning rose,
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,
And slew ten thousand foes.

JOHN STERLING.

A DANISH BARROW ON THE EAST
DEVON COAST.

LIE still, old Dane, below thy heap !
—A sturdy-back and sturdy-limb,
Whoe'er he was, I warrant him
Upon whose mound the single sheep
Browses and tinkles in the sun,
Within the narrow vale alone.

Lie still, old Dane ! This restful scene
Suits well thy centuries of sleep :
The soft brown roots above thee creep,
The lotus flaunts his ruddy sheen,
And,—vain memento of the spot,—
The turquoise-eyed forget-me-not.

Lie still!—Thy mother-land herself
Would know thee not again : no more
The Raven from the northern shore
Hails the bold crew to push for pelf,
Through fire and blood and slaughter'd kings,
'Neath the black terror of his wings.

And thou,—thy very name is lost !
The peasant only knows that here
Bold Alfred scoop'd thy flinty bier,
And pray'd a foeman's prayer, and tost
His auburn head, and said, " One more
Of England's foes guards England's shore,"

And turn'd and pass'd to other feats,
And left thee in thine iron robe,
To circle with the circling globe,
While Time's corrosive dewdrop eats
The giant warrior to a crust
Of earth in earth, and rust in rust.

So lie : and let the children play
And sit like flowers upon thy grave,
And crown with flowers,—that hardly have
A briefer blooming-tide than they ;—
By hurrying years borne on to rest,
As thou, within the Mother's breast.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

THE NORMAN BARON.

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud without the tempest thundered,
 And the castle-turret shook.
In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
 Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and Paternoster
 From the missal on his knee ;
And, amid the tempest pealing
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing—
Bells that from the neighbouring cloister,
 Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
 Sang the minstrels and the waits.
And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly
 Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
 Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
 Where the monk, with accents holy,
 Whispered at the baron's ear.
 Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
 As he paused awhile and listened,
 And the dying baron slowly
 Turned his weary head to hear.

“Wassail for the Kingly Stranger
 Born and cradled in a manger!
 King, like David, Priest, like Aaron,
 Christ is born to set us free!”
 And the lightning showed the sainted
 Figures on the casement painted,
 And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
 “*Misere, Domine!*”

In that hour of deep contrition
 He beheld with clearer vision,
 Through all outward show and fashion,
 Justice, the Avenger, rise.
 All the pomp of earth had vanished,
 Falsehood and deceit were banished,
 Reason spake more loud than passion,
 And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
 Every serf born to his manor,—
 All those wronged and wretched creatures,
 By his hand were freed again;

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dimissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
 And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
 Mingling with the common dust ;
But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
 Unconsumed by moth or rust.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour,
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power :

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending ;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
" Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd.

" And for myself," quoth he,
" This my full rest shall be :
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me ;

Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

“ Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread
The eager yaward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen ;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there :
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces !
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went :
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
 As to o'erwhelm it,

And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another !

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
 To England to carry.
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

NEWS of battle!—news of battle!

Hark! 'tis ringing down the street :—
 And the archways and the pavement
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
 News of battle! who hath brought it?
 News of triumph? Who should bring
 Tidings from our noble army,
 Greetings from our gallant King?
 All last night we watched the beacons
 Blazing on the hills afar,
 Each one bearing, as it kindled,
 Message of the opened war.
 All night long the northern streamers
 Shot across the trembling sky:
 Fearful lights that never beckon
 Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
 All are thronging to the gate;
 “*Warder—warder! open quickly!*
Man—is this a time to wait?”
 And the heavy gates are opened:
 Then a murmur long and loud,
 And a cry of fear and wonder
 Bursts from out the bending crowd.
 For they see in battered harness
 Only one hard-stricken man;

And his weary steed is wounded,
 And his cheek is pale and wan :
 Spearless hangs a bloody banner
 In his weak and drooping hand—
 What ! can that be Randolph Murray,
 Captain of the city band ?

Round him crush the people, crying,
 “ *Tell us all—oh, tell us true !*
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?
Where are they, our brothers—children ?
Have they met the English foe ?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed ?
Is it weal, or is it woe ? ”

Like a corpse the grisly warrior
 Looks from out his helm of steel ;
 But no word he speaks in answer—
 Only with his armèd heel
 Chides his weary steed, and onward
 Up the city streets they ride ;
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, praying by his side.
 “ *By the God that made thee, Randolph !*
Tell us what mischance hath come. ”
 Then he lifts his riven banner
 And the asker’s voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
 Have met within their hall—

The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
Then in came Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,
And as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek :
They fell upon his corselet
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring :
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,

And all the din that thunders out
 When youth's of victory sure.
 But yet a dearer thought had he
 For, with a father's pride,
 He saw his last remaining son
 Go forth by Randolph's side,
 With casque on head and spur on heel,
 All keen to do and dare ;
 And proudly did that gallant boy
 Dunedin's banner bear.
 Oh ! woful now was the old man's look,
 And he spake right heavily—
 “ *Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
 However sharp they be !
 Woe is written on thy visage,
 Death is looking from thy face.
 Speak ! though it be of overthrow—
 It cannot be disgrace !* ”

Right bitter was the agony
 That wrung that soldier proud ;
 Thrice did he strive to answer,
 And thrice he groaned aloud.
 Then he gave the riven banner
 To the old man's shaking hand,
 Saying—“ That is all I bring ye
 From the bravest in the land !
 Ay ! ye may look upon it—
 It was guarded well and long,
 By your brothers and your children,
 By the valiant and the strong.

One by one they fell around it,
 As the archers laid them low,
 Grimly dying, still unconquered,
 With their faces to the foe.

“Ay! ye may well look upon it—
 There is more than honour there,
 Else, be sure, I had not brought it
 From the field of dark despair.
 Never yet was royal banner
 Steeped in such a costly dye;
 It hath lain upon a bosom
 Where no other shroud shall lie.
 Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy;
 Keep it as a sacred thing,
 For the stain ye see upon it
 Was the life-blood of your King!”
 Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
 What a piteous cry was there!
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
 Through the streets the death-word rushes,
 Spreading terror, sweeping on—
 But within the Council Chamber
 All was silent as the grave.
 Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
 Shook the bosoms of the brave.

Then the Provost he uprose,
 And his lip was ashen white;

But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
"Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier, stout and true,
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!
Thou need'st not tell it: he is dead.
God help us all this day!
But speak—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray?
For, by our ancient city!
'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion fell!"

W. E. AYTOUN.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;

I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in
vain

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay ;

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many
a mile,

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;

And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close
in chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along
the wall ;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's
lofty hall ;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the
coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old
sheriff comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him
 sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an
 ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of
 Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
 the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
 swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
 crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
 down !
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that
 famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
 eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned
 to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the
 princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho !
 scatter flowers, fair maids :
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw
 your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously : ye breezes, waft
 her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our
 pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple
sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er
again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as
the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone
on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's
glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves !
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the
rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light :
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal
city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer ;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in.
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the
war-like errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they
sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide
vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR.

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the clarion's note
is high ;
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the huge drum
makes reply :
Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant
cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on
our ears,
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! White Guy is at
the door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of
Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken
prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow
turret stair.
Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had
shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay
and glancing thread ;
And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous
features ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the
van."

“It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon and the black dragoons of Pride,
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady’s gew-gaw flaunt bravely on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers shout, ‘For God and for the King!’”

’Tis noon ; the ranks are broken along the royal line :
They fly, the braggarts of the Court, the bullies of the Rhine.
Stout Langley’s cheer is heard no more, and Astley’s helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters as he follows in the flight,
“The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night”

The Knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o’er with many a gory stain ;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout—

“For Church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight it out !”

And now he wards a Roundhead’s pike, and now he hums a stave,

And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no thought of fear ;

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds are here.

The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and thrust,

“Down, down,” they cry, “with Belial, down with him to the dust !”

“I would,” quoth grim old Oliver, “that Belial’s trusty sword,

This day were doing battle for the saints and for the Lord !”

The lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower ;
The grey-haired warden watches on the castle’s highest tower—

“What news, what news, old Anthony ?” “The field is lost and won ;

The ranks of war are melting like the mists beneath the sun ;

And a wounded man speeds hither,—I am old, and cannot see,

Or sure I am that sturdy step my master’s step should be——”

“ I bring thee back the standard from as rude and
rough a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for
minstrel's lay.
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum*
suff.,
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot
and buff ;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is
breathing out his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and
faithful wife !

“ Sweet ! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a
ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's
mischance ;
Or, if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a
pope !
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy !—out on the crop-eared
boor,
That sent me with my standard on foot from
Marston Moor !”

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

GRISEL HUME IN BANISHMENT.

THOUGH hard their altered lot might be,
In the Dutch city pent,
The Humes with mind and body free,
Lived on in calm content.

And well with ready hand and heart,
Each task of toilsome duty taking,
Did one dear maiden take her part,
The last asleep, the earliest waking.

Her hands each nightly couch prepared,
And frugal meal on which they fared,
Unfolding spread the servet white,
And decked the board with tankard bright ;
Through fretted hose, and garment rent,
Her tiny needle deftly went,
Till hateful penury, so graced,
Was scarcely in their dwelling traced.
With rev'ence to the old she clung,
With sweet affection to the young ;
To her was crabbèd lesson said,
To her the sly petition made,
To her was told each petty care,
To her was lisped the tardy prayer,
What time the urchin, half undrest
And half asleep, was put to rest.

There is a sight all hearts beguiling,
A mother to her infant smiling,
Who, with spread arms and dancing feet,
Cooing, returns its answer sweet :
All love to see the grand-dame mild,
Train in good lore the list'ning child ;
But 'tis a thing of brighter nature,
Amid her friends of pigmy stature,
To see the maid in youth's fair bloom
A guardian sister's charge assume,
And, like a touch of angel's bliss,
Receive from each its grateful kiss,—
To see them, with their studies past,
Aside their grave demeanour cast :
With her in mimic war they wrestle,
Beneath her twisted robe they nestle,
Upon her glowing cheek they revel,
Low bended to their tiny level,
While oft, her shoulders proud bestriding,
Crows some arch imp like huntsman riding.

But when the toilsome sun was set,
And evening groups together met,
(For other strangers sheltered there
Would seek with them to lighten care,)
Her feet still in the dance moved lightest,
Her eye, with merry glance, beamed brightest,
Her braided locks were coiled the neatest,
Her carol song was trill'd the sweetest ;
And round the fire in winter cold,
No droller tale than hers was told !

O spirits gay, and kindly heart,
 Precious the blessings ye impart,
 Though all unwittingly the while
 To make the pining exile smile,
 And transient gladness charm his pain,
 Who ne'er may see his home again !
 Thus did our joyous maid bestow
 Her beaming soul on want and woe,
 Then sacrificed the hours of sleep,
 Some show of better times to keep,
 That though as humble soldier dight,
 A stripling brother might more trimly stand
 With pointed cuff and collar white,
 Like one of gentle blood mixed with a homelier
 band.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

(*Abridged.*)

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

ALONE through gloomy forest shades
A soldier went by night;
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round
The youth all cheerily passed:
Unchecked by aught of boding sound
That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?
In his far home, perchance:
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France:

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again

The rolling of the wide Garonne
Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush ! hark !—did stealing steps go by ?
Came not faint whispers near ?
No—the wild wind hath many a sigh
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again !—and from his hand,
What grasp hath wrenched the blade ?
Oh, single 'midst a hostile band,
Young soldier—thou'rt betrayed !

“ Silence ! ” in undertones they cry,
“ No whisper—not a breath ;
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death ! ”

Still at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow,
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
“ Arm, arm, Auvergne !—the foe ! ”

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
He heard their tumults grow ;
And sent his dying voice through all—
“ Auvergne, Auvergne !—the foe ! ”

FELICIA HEMANS.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners, wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild *Wilhelmine*.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;

He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
" Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
" That 'twas a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene ;”
“ Why, 'twas a very wicked thing ! ”
Said little Wilhelmine ;
“ Nay . . nay . . my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory.

“ And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin :—

"Why that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE EMPEROR AND THE SAILOR.

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story !

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy ; *they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious ; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description, wretched : such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighb'ring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach
His little *Argo* sorely jeering ;

Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger ;
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger :—

“Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned ;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;
“But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
“Ye've both my favour fairly won ;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;
But *never* changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

PART I.

AT Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors,
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
He sits and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favourite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.
Says he, " In my life's ninety summers
Strange changes and chances I've seen,
So here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thumped on a skin !

" Brought up in the art military
For four generations we are ;
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
And as each man in life has his station
According as Fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the bâton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

* Ah ! those were the days for commanders !
 What glories my grandfather won,
 Ere bigots, and lacqueys, and panders
 The fortunes of France had undone !
 In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—
 What foeman resisted us then ?
 No ; my grandsire was ever victorious,
 My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

“ He died ; and our noble battalions
 The jade fickle Fortune forsook ;
 And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
 The victory lay with Malbrook.
 The news it was brought to King Louis ;
 Corbleu ! how His Majesty swore
 When he heard they had taken my grandsire
 And twelve thousand gentlemen more.

“ At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet
 Were we posted, on plain or in trench :
 Malbrook only need to attack it,
 And away from him scamper'd we French.
 Cheer up ! 'tis no use to be glum, boys,—
 'Tis written, since fighting begun,
 That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
 And sometimes we fight and we run.

“ To fight and to run was our fate :
 Our fortune and fame had departed.
 And so perish'd Louis the Great,—
 Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.

His coffin they pelted with mud,
His body they tried to lay hands on ;
And so having buried King Louis,
They loyally served his great-grandson.

“ God save the beloved King Louis !
(For so he was nicknamed by some),
And now came my father to do his
King's orders and beat on the drum.
My grandsire was dead, but his bones
Must have shaken, I'm certain, for joy,
To hear daddy drumming the English
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

“ So well did he drum in that battle
That the enemy show'd us their backs ;
Corbleu ! it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks and to follow old Saxe !
We next had Soubise as a leader,
And as luck hath its changes and fits,
At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming,
'Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

“ And now daddy cross'd the Atlantic,
To drum for Montcalm and his men ;
Morbleu ! but it makes a man frantic
To think we were beaten again !
My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean,
My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year 'fifty-seven
To guard the good town of Quebec.

“In the year ’fifty-nine came the Britons—
Full well I remember the day,—
They knocked at our gates for admittance,
Their vessels were moor’d in our bay.
Says our general, ‘Drive me yon red-coats
Away to the sea whence they come!’
So we march’d against Wolfe and his bulldogs,
We marched at the sound of the drum

“I think I can see my poor mammy
With me in her hand as she waits,
And our regiment, slowly retreating,
Pours back through the citadel gates.
Dear mammy she looks in their faces,
And asks if her husband has come?—
He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And will never more beat on the drum.

“Come, drink, ’tis no use to be glum, boys!
He died like a soldier in glory;
Here’s a glass to the health of all drum-boys,
And now I’ll commence my own story!
Once more did we cross the salt ocean,
We came in the year ’eighty-one;
And the wrongs of my father the drummer
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

“In Chesapeak Bay we were landed.
In vain strove the British to pass:
Rochambeau our armies commanded,
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.

Morbleu ! how I rattled the drumsticks
The day we march'd into Yorktown ;
Ten thousand of beef-eating British
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

“ Then homewards returning victorious,
In peace to our country we came,
And were thanked for our actions glorious
By Louis, Sixteenth of that name.
What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drummed at Versailles
To the lovely Court ladies in powder,
And lappets, and long satin-tails ?

“ The princes that day pass'd before us
Our countrymen's glory and hope ;
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen
At Her Majesty's opera-box,
While the King, that majestic monarch,
Sat fling at home at his locks.

“ Yes, I drumm'd for the fair Antoinette,
And so smiling she look'd and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers,
All vow'd they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars,
She sneer'd at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

“Ventrebleu ! then I swore a great oath,
No more to such tyrants to knœl ;
And so, just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drumm'd down the Bastille.
Ho, landlord, a stoup of fresh wine.
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,
And drink to the year 'eighty-nine
And the glorious fourth of July !

“Then bravely our cannon it thunder'd
As onwards our patriots bore.
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis.
He heard it as calm as you please,
And, like a majestical monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

“We show'd our republican courage,
We stormed and we broke the gate in,
And we murder'd the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a-waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by :
They never stirr'd finger or thumb.
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

“Hurrah ! what a storm was a brewing
The day of our vengeance was come !
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum !

Let's drink to the famed tenth of August :
 At midnight I beat the tattoo,
 And woke up the pikemen of Paris
 To follow the bold Barbaroux.

“ With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches
 March'd onwards our dusty battalions,
 And we girt the tall castle of Louis,
 A million of tadderemalions.
 We storm'd the fair gardens where tower'd
 The walls of his heritage splendid.
 Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,
 That had not the heart to defend it !

“ With the crown of his sires on his head,
 His nobles and knights by his side,
 At the foot of his ancestors' palace
 'Twere easy, methinks, to have died.
 But no : when we burst through his barriers,
 'Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
 In vain through the chambers we sought him—
 He had turned like a craven and fled.

* * * * *

“ You all know the Place de la Concorde ?
 'Tis hard by the Tuileries wall.
 'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
 There rises an obelisk tall.
 There rises an obelisk tall,
 All garnish'd and gilded the base is :
 'Tis surely the gayest of all
 Our beautiful city's gay places.

“ Around it are gardens and flowers
And the Cities of France on their thrones,
Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers,
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there
In the glorious year 'ninety-three.

“ 'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom ;
And though neither marble nor gilding
Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,
Corbleu ! but the *mère guillotine*
Cared little for splendour or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

“ Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sat our republican goddess.
Each morning her table we deck'd
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flocked around
As she sat at her meat and her wine :
'Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

“ Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.

Ventrebleu ! but we pamper'd our ogress
 With the best that our nation could bring,
 And dainty she grew in her progress,
 And called for the head of a King !

“ She called for the blood of our King,
 And straight from his prison we drew him ;
 And to her with shouting we led him,
 And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
 ‘ The monarchs of Europe against me
 Have plotted a godless alliance !
 I’ll fling them the head of King Louis,’
 She said, ‘ as my gage of defiance.’

“ I see him as now, for a moment,
 Away from his gaolers he broke ;
 And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
 And linger’d, and fain would have spoke.
 ‘ Ho, drummer ! quick, silence yon Capet,’
 Says Santerre, ‘ with a beat on your drum.’
 Lustily then did I tap it,
 And the son of Saint Louis was dumb.”

PART II.

“ THE glorious days of September
 Saw many aristocrats fall ;
 ‘Twas then that our pikes drank the blood
 In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.

Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady !

I seldom have looked on her like ;
And I drumm'd for a gallant procession,
That marched with her head on a pike.

“ Let's show the pale head to the Queen,
We said—she'll remember it well.
She looked from the bars of her prison,
And shrieked as she saw it, and fell.
We set up a shout at her screaming,
We laugh'd at the fright she had shown
At the sight of the head of her minion—
How she'd tremble to part with her own !

“ We had taken the head of King Capet,
We called for the blood of his wife ;
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
And bared her fair neck to the knife.
As she felt the foul fingers that touch'd her,
She shrank, but she deigned not to speak :
She look'd with a royal disdain,
And died with a blush on her cheek !

“ 'Twas thus that our country was saved ;
So told us the Safety Committee !
But psha ! I've the heart of a soldier,
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.
I loathed to assist at such deeds,
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes
As we offered to justice offended
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

" Away with such foul recollections !
 No more of the axe and the block ;
 I saw the last fight of the sections,
 As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Roch.
 Young Bonaparte led us that day ;
 When he sought the Italian frontier,
 I follow'd my gallant young captain,
 I follow'd him many a long year.

" We came to an army in rags,
 Our general was but a boy
 When we first saw the Austrian flags
 Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.
 In the glorious year 'ninety-six,
 We march'd to the banks of the Po ;
 I carried my drum and my sticks,
 And we laid the proud Austrian low.

" In triumph we enter'd Milan,
 We seized on the Mantuan keys ;
 The troops of the Emperor ran,
 And the Pope he fell down on his knees."—
 Pierre's comrades here call'd a fresh bottle,
 And clubbing together their wealth,
 They drank to the Army of Italy,
 And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,
 And show'd us a plenty of scars,
 Rude presents that Fortune had made him
 In fifty victorious wars.

“ This came when I follow'd bold Kleber—
'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun ;
And this from an Austrian sabre,
When the field of Marengo was won.

“ My forehead has many deep furrows,
But this is the deepest of all :
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
Beside the fair river of Saal.
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it ;
(God bless him !) it covers a blow ;
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

“ 'Twas thus that we conquer'd and fought ;
But wherefore continue the story ?
There's never a baby in France
But has heard of our chief and our glory,—
But has heard of our chief and our fame,
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,
How bravely Napoleon conquer'd,
How bravely and sadly he fell.

“ It makes my old heart to beat higher
To think of the deeds that I saw ;
I follow'd bold Ney through the fire,
And charged at the side of Murat.”
And so did old Peter continue
His story of twenty brave years ;
His audience follow'd with comments—
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain
Had died in defence of their land ;
His audience laughed at the story,
And vow'd that their captain was grand !
He had fought the red English, he said,
In many a battle of Spain ;
They cursed the red English, and prayed
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,
Had winter not driven them back ;
And his company cursed the quick frost,
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.
He told how the stranger arrived,
They wept at the tale of disgrace ;
And they long'd but for one battle more
The stain of their shame to efface.

“ Our country their hordes overrun,
We fled to the fields of Champagne,
And fought them, though twenty to one,
And beat them again and again !
Our warrior was conquer'd at last ;
They bade him his crown to resign.
To fate and his country he yielded
The rights of himself and his line.

“ He came, and among us he stood,
Around him we press'd in a throng ;
We could not regard him for weeping,
Who had led us and loved us so long.

‘ I have led you for twenty long years,’
Napoleon said ere he went ;
‘ Wherever was honour I found you,
And with you, my sons, am content !

“ ‘ Though Europe against me was arm’d,
Your chiefs and my people are true ;
I still might have struggled with fortune,
And baffled all Europe with you.

“ ‘ But France would have suffer’d the while,
’Tis best that I suffer alone ;
I go to my place of exile,
To write of the deeds we have done.

“ ‘ Be true to the king that they give you.
We may not embrace ere we part ;
But, General, reach me your hand,
And press me, I pray, to your heart.

“ He call’d for our battle standard ;
One kiss to the eagle he gave.
‘ Dear eagle ! ’ he said, ‘ may this kiss
Long sound in the hearts of the brave ! ’
’Twas thus that Napoleon left us ;
Our people were weeping and mute ;
As he passed through the lines of his guard,
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

* * * * *

“ I look’d when the drumming was o’er,
I look’d, but our hero was gone ;

We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the mount of St. John.
The Emperor rode through our files ;
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn.
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretch'd wide through the Waterloo corn.

“ In thousands we stood on the plain,
The red-coats were crowning the height ;
‘ Go scatter yon English,’ he said ;
‘ We’ll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.’
We answer’d his voice with a shout ;
Our eagles were bright in the sun ;
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
And the thundering battle begun.

“ One charge to another succeeds,
Like waves that a hurricane bears ;
All day do our galloping steeds
Dash fierce on the enemy’s squares.
At noon we began the fell onset :
We charged up the Englishman’s hill ;
And madly we charged it at sunset—
His banners were floating there still

“—Go to ! I will tell you no more ;
You know how the battle was lost.
Ho ! fetch me a beaker of wine,
And, comrades, I’ll give you a toast,
I’ll give you a curse on all traitors,
Who plotted our Emperor’s ruin ;

And a curse on those red-coated English,
Whose bayonets helped our undoing !

“ A curse on those British assassins,
Who order'd the slaughter of Ney ;
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured
The life of our hero away.
A curse on all Russians—I hate them—
On all Prussian and Austrian fry ;
And oh ! but I pray we may meet them,
And fight them again ere I die ! ”

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

. (Abridged.)

Part III.



A TROUBADOUR'S LYRE.

Part III.

A TROUBADOUR'S LYRE.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddyng bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,

And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;

I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR
DEAD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead ;
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry ;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,

Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ;

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view :

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth
surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :

I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening
now !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild North-easter
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter !
O'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and streaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter
Turns us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.

Hark ! the brave North-easter !
 Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
 Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Through the sleet and snow.
Who can override you ?
 Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Down the roaring blast !
You shall see a fox die
 Ere an hour be passed.
Go ! and rest to-morrow.
 Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
 O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
 Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
 Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
 Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
 Breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft South-wester ?
 'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
 Out of all the seas.
But the black North-easter,
 Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak

Seaward round the world.
Come as came our fathers,
 Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
 Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
 Stir the viking's blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
 Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
 With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
 That flushed her spirit :

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call : if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
 She did inherit

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool ;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
 Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
 Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet fore-warning ?

CHARLES LAMB.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them,
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
—Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had
lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw ;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part ;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

“ Stay—stay with us !—rest !—thou art weary and
 worn ! ”—

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blythesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and mountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,

Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,
O to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease ;
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then ;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love o'ercoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands ;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring time from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending :

I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listen'd, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the doleful'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Teru, teru, by and by :
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.

—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
 None takes pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
 King Pandion, he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
 All thy fellow birds do sing
 Careless of thy sorrowing :
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
 CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave

Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd
Or waked to extasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love

“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“ The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

CLEANSING FIRES.

LET thy red gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright ;
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light :
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain ;
For gold must be tried by fire
As a heart must be tried by pain !

In the cruel fire of Sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail,
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail :
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again ;
For as gold is tried by fire
So a heart must be tried by pain !

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, for ever ;
Shine bright, strong golden chain ;
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE WILLOW TREE.

KNOW ye the willow tree
Whose grey leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
To yon pale river?
Lady, at eventide
Wander not near it;
They say its branches hide
A sad lost spirit!

Once to the willow tree
A maid came fearful;
Pale seemed her cheek to be
Her blue eye tearful.
Soon as she saw the tree
Her step moved fleeter,
No one was there—ah me!
No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear
The far bells' chime
Toll from the chapel-tower
The trysting-time:
But the red sun went down
In golden flame,
And though she looked round,
Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,
Sadly to greet her,
Moon in her silver light,
Stars in their glitter ;
Then sank the moon away
Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone,
There by the willow !

Through the long darkness,
By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
Tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness,
Lonely and stilly ;
Shrill came the night wind
Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
Biting and cold ;
Bleak peers the grey dawn
Over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream
Looks the grey dawn,
Grey, with dishevelled hair,
Still stands the willow there—
The maid is gone !

Domine, Domine
Sing we a litany,
Sing for poor maiden hearts broken and weary .

*Domine, Domine !
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere !*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye ;
There came a noble knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge bryghte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree ;
There seemed a crimson plain,
Where a gallant knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein,
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see !

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe ;
A lovely mayde came bye,
And a gentle youth was nyghe,
And he breathèd many a syghe,
And a vowe ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome
now.

As I laye a thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ;
 No more a youth was there,
 But a maiden rent her haire,
 And cried in sad despaire,
 " That I was born ! "

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perishèd forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng,
 Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;
 There came a lovely childe,
 And his face was meek and mild,
 Yet joyously he smiled
 On his sire ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;
 That joyous smile was gone,
 And the face was white and wan,
 As the downe upon the swan
 Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was
 synkyng,
 O merrie sang that Birde as it glittered on her
 breast,
 With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
 While soaring to the skies,

'Mid the stars she seemed to rise,
As to her nest ,
As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :
" Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay"—
'Twas so she seemed to saye—
" Here is rest !"

RICHARD BARHAM.

Part IV.



IN FANCY'S REALM.

Part IV.
IN FANCY'S REALM.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn ;
Lovers long betroth'd were they ;
They two will wed the morrow morn ;
God's blessing on the day !

“ He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, “ Who was this that went from thee ? ”
“ It was my cousin,” said Lady Clare,
“ To-morrow he weds with me.”

“ O God be thank'd ! ” said Alice the nurse,
“ That all comes round so just and fair ;

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth : you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast,
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."

“ She said, “ Not so : but I will know
If there be any faith in man.”

“ Nay now, what faith ? ” said Alice the nurse,
“ The man will cleave unto his right.”

“ And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“ Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“ Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas ! my child, I sinn’d for thee.”

“ O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“ So strange it seems to me.

“ Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so ;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,
And follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower.
“ O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !

Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ? ”

“ If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“ And not the Lady Clare.”

“ Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood
“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the next in blood—

“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

IN her ear he whispers gaily,
 " If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
 " There is none I love like thee."

He is but a landscape-painter,
 And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
 Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof.

'I can make no marriage present ;
 Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life."

They, by parks and lodges going,
 See the lordly castles stand ;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
" Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers.
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer ;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly
When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before ;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.

And while now she wanders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free.
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin ;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove ;
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirits sank ;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank ;
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born.

Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd, "Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side ;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House by Stamford town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her
That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS
STEED.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly
by
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and
dark and fiery eye ;
Free not to roam the desert now with all thy
wingèd speed ;
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed !

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the
breezy wind—
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I
behind.
The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master
hath *his* gold ;
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell !—thou'rt sold,
my steed, thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! Those free, untirèd limbs full many a
mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds
the stranger's home.
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn
and bed prepare ;
The silky mane I braided once must be another's
care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more
with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we
were wont to be ;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the
sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me
home again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild free breeze, the
brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled
one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step
become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's
hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright ;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm
and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or
cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt *sold*,
my Arab steed !

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand
may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy
panting side ;

And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy
indignant pain,
Till careless eyes which rest on thee may count
each starting vein.

Will they ill use thee? If I thought—but no, it
cannot be,
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed ; so gentle, yet
so free ;
And yet if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely
heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now com-
mand thee to return ?

Return !—alas ! my Arab steed, what shall thy
master do
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished
from his view ?
When the grim distance cheats mine eye, and
through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the bright
mirage appears ?

Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary step
alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft
hast borne me on ;
And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause
and sadly think,
“ It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck when last I
saw him drink ! ”

When last I saw him drink!—away! the fevered
 dream is o'er!
 I could not live a day and *know* that we should
 meet no more!
 They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's
 power is strong—
 They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved
 too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said
 that thou wert sold?
 'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them
 back their gold!
 Thus, *thus* I leap upon thy back, and scour the
 distant plains!
 Away! who overtakes us now may claim *thee* for
 his pains!

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE WINDMILL.

BEHOLD! a giant am I!
 Aloft here in my tower,
 With my granite jaws I devour
 The maize, the wheat and the rye,
 And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
 In the fields of grain I see
 The harvest that is to be,

And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off from the threshing-floors
In barns with their open windows,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master the miller stands
And feeds me with his hands ;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest,
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din ;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BOY AND THE RING.

FAIR chance held fast is merit. A certain king
Of Persia had a jewel in a ring,
He set it on the dome of Ayud high ;
And, when they saw it flashing in the sky,
Made proclamation to his royal troop,
That whoso sent an arrow through the hoop
That held the gem, should have the ring to wear

It chanced, there were four hundred archers near
Of the king's company, about the king :
Each took his aim, and shot, and missed the ring.

A boy at play upon the terraced roof
Of a near building, bent his bow aloof,
At random, and behold ! the morning breeze
His little arrow caught, and bore with ease,
Right thro' the circlet of the gem. The king,
Well-pleased, unto the boy assign'd the ring.

Then the boy burnt his arrows and the bow.
The king, astonish'd, said, " Why dost thou so,
Seeing thy first shot hath had great success ? "
He answer'd, " Lest my second make that less."

LORD LYTTON.

THE HOSTAGE.

A BALLAD.

(From Schiller.)

THE tyrant Dionys to seek
 Stern Marus with his poniard crept ;
 The watchful guards upon him swept ;
 The grim king mark'd his changeless cheek :
 " What would'st thou with thy poniard ? Speak !"
 " The city from the tyrant free !"
 " The death-cross shall thy guerdon be."

" I am prepared for death, nor pray,"
 Replied that haughty man, " to live ;
 Enough, if thou one grace will give :
 For three brief suns the death delay
 To wed my sister—leagues away ;
 I boast one friend whose life for mine,
 If I should fail the cross, is thine."

The tyrant mus'd, and smiled, and said
 With gloomy craft, " So let it be ;
 Three days I will vouchsafe to thee.
 But mark—if, when the time be sped,
 Thou fail'st—thy surety dies instead.
 His life shall buy thine own release ;
 Thy guilt atoned, my wrath shall cease."

He sought his friend. "The king's decree
 Ordains my life the cross upon
 Shall pay the deed I would have done ;
Yet grants three days' delay to me,
My sister's marriage-rites to see ;
If thou, the hostage, will remain
Till I—set free—return again !"

His friend embraced. No word he said,
 But silent to the tyrant strode—
 The other went upon his road.
Ere the third sun in heaven was red,
The rite was o'er, the sister wed ;
And back, with anxious heart unquailing,
He hastes to hold the pledge unfailing.

Down the great rains unending bore,
 Down from the hills the torrents rush'd,
 In one broad stream the brooklets gush'd.
The wanderer halts beside the shore,
The bridge was swept the tides before—
The shattered arches o'er and under
Went the tumultuous waves in thunder.

Dismay'd, he takes his idle stand—
 Dismay'd he strays and shouts around ;
 His voice awakes no answering sound.
No boat will leave the sheltering strand,
To bear him to the wish'd-for land ;
No boatman will Death's pilot be ;
The wild stream gathers to a sea !

Sunk by the bank, awhile he weeps,
Then raised his arms to Jove and cried,
"Stay thou, oh stay the madd'ning tide !
Midway behold the swift sun sweeps,
And ere he sinks adown the deeps,
If I should fail, his beams will see
My friend's last anguish—slain for me !"

More fierce it runs, more broad it flows,
And wave on wave succeeds and dies—
And hour on hour remorseless flies ;
Despair at last to daring grows—
Amidst the flood his form he throws ;
With vigorous arms the roaring waves
Cleaves—and a God that pities, saves.

He wins the bank—he scours the strand,
He thanks the God in breathless prayer ;
When from the forest's gloomy lair,
With ragged club in ruthless hand,
And breathing murder—rush'd the band
That find, in woods, their savage den,
And savage prey in wandering men.

"What !" cried he, pale with generous fear ;
"What think to gain ye by the strife ?
All I bear with me is my life—
I take it to the king !"—and here
He snatch'd the club from him most near :
And thrice he smote, and thrice his blows
Dealt death—before him fly the foes !

The sun is glowing as a brand ;
 And faint before the parching heat,
 The strength forsakes the feeble feet :
 "Thou hast saved me from the robber band,
 Through wild floods given the blessed hand ;
 And shall the weak limbs fail me now !
 And *he*—Divine One, nerve me Thou !"

Hark !—like some gracious murmur by,
 Babbles low music—silver—clear—
 The wanderer holds his breath to hear ;
 And from the rock before his eye,
 Laughs forth the spring delightedly ;
 Now the sweet waves he bends him o'er,
 And the sweet waves his strength restore.

Through the green boughs the sun gleams dying,
 O'er fields that drink the rosy beam,
 The trees' huge shadows giants seem.
 Two strangers on the road are hieing ;
 And as they fleet beside him flying,
 These mutter'd words his ears dismay :
 "Now—now the cross has claim'd its prey !"

Despair his wingèd path pursues,
 The anxious terrors hound him on—
 There, redd'ning in the evening sun,
 From far, the domes of Syracuse—
 When towards him comes Philostratus
 (His leal and trusty herdsman he),
 And to the master bends his knee.

“ Back—thou canst aid thy friend no more,
 The niggard time already flown—
 His life is forfeit—save thine own !
 Hour after hour in hope he bore,
 Nor might his soul his faith give o'er ;
 Nor could the tyrant's scorn deriding
 Steal from that faith one thought confiding ! ”

“ Too late ! What horror hast thou spoken !
 Vain life, since it cannot requite him !
 But death with me can yet unite him ;
 No boast the tyrant's scorn shall make—
 How friend to friend can faith forsake,
 But from the double-death shall know
 That Truth and Love yet live below ! ”

)

The sun sinks down—the gate's in view,
 The cross looms dismal on the ground—
 The eager crowd gape murmuring round.
 His friend is bound the cross unto . . .
 Crowd—guards—all—bursts he breathless through :
 “ Me, doomsman, me ! ” he shouts, “ alone !
 His life is rescued—lo, mine own ! ”

Amazement seized the circling ring !
 Link'd in each other's arms the pair—
 Weeping for joy—yet anguish there !
 Moist every eye that gazed ; they bring
 The wond'rous tidings to the king—
 His breast man's heart at last hath known,
 And the friends stand before his throne.

Long silent he, and wondering long,
 Gaz'd on the pair.—“ In peace depart,
 Victors, ye have subdued my heart !
 Truth is no dream ! Its power is strong.
 Give grace to him who owns his wrong !
 'Tis mine your suppliant now to be,
 Ab, let the band of Love—be *three!* ”

LORD LYTTON.

THE SPILT PEARLS

HIS courtiers of the Caliph crave—
 “ Oh, say, how may this be,
 That of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
 Is best beloved of thee ?

“ For he is hideous as the night ;
 And when has ever chose
 A nightingale for its delight
 A hueless, scentless rose ? ”

The Caliph then—“ No features fair
 Nor comely mien are his :
 Love is the beauty he doth wear,
 And love his glory is.

“ Once when a camel of my train
 There fell in narrow street,

From broken basket rolled amain
Rich pearls before my feet.

“ I, nodding to my slaves, that I
Would freely give them these ;
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

“ One only at my side remained—
Beside this Ethiop none ;
He, moveless as the steed he reined,
Behind me sat alone.

“ ‘ What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side ? ’
‘ My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee ! ’ he cried.

“ True servant’s title he may wear,
He only, who has not
For his lord’s gifts, how rich soe’er,
His lord himself forgot.”

See thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From Him desiring nothing more
Beside Himself to claim.

For if thou not to Him aspire,
But to His gifts alone,

Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to His throne.

While such thy prayer, it mounts above
In vain ; the golden key
Of God's rich treasure-house of love
Thine own will never be.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

BISHOP HATTO.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store ;
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto, he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

“ I’ faith ’tis an excellent bonfire ! ” quoth he,
“ And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returnèd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
“ My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be ;

“Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly,” quoth he,
“Ten thousand rats are coming this way
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!”

“I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,” replied he,
“’Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep.”

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes ; . . .
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked ;—it was only the cat ;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that ;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, by myriads and more,

Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he did hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court :
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride.
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
Valour and love, and the king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws ;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit with sand and wind was in a thund'rous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air :
Said Francis then, " Good gentlemen, we're better here than there ! "

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king—a beauteous,
lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which
always seemed the same.
She thought: “The Count, my lover, is as brave
as brave can be ;
He surely would do desperate things to show his
love of me !
King, ladies, lovers, all look on—the chance is
wondrous fine ;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love : great glory
will be mine !”

She dropped her glove to prove his love—then
looked on him and smiled ;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the
lions wild :
The leap was quick, return was quick ; he soon
regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in
the lady's face.
“Well done !” cried Francis ; “bravely done !”
and he rose from where he sat :
“No love,” quoth he, “but vanity, sets love a task
like that !”

LEIGH HUNT.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west !
Through all the wide Border his steed is the best ;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had
 none ;
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stay'd not for brake and he stopp'd not for
 stone ;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented ; the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and
 all ;—
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
 sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;

And now am I come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Loch-
invar ? ”

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup ;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye :—
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar ;
“ Now tread me a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ,
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ 'Twere better
by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar ! ”

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door ; and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow ! ” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the
 Netherby clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 they ran ;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea ;
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see :—
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER
 SELKIRK.

I am monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;

They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more :
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;

Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought
 Gives even affliction a grace
 And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
 Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
 Should they our steps discover,

Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spake the hardy Highland wight,
“ I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :—

“ And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
“ Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ? too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid
And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—Oh, my daughter !”

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

“O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

“ O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel’s granary is full,
And the harvest’s done.

“ I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.”

“ I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery’s child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild

“ I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She look’d at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

“ I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery’s song.

“ She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
‘ I love thee true.’

“ She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh’d full sore ;

And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

“ And there she lulléd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

“ I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all :
They cried—‘ La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! ’

“ I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide.
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

“ And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.”

JOHN KEATS.

Part V.



THE DEVOUT SINGER.

Part ①.

THE DEVOUT SINGER.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING PRAYER
IN PARADISE.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair : Thyself, how wondrous then.
Unspeakable, who sittest above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels : for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky and grey
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls : ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk

The earth, and stately tread, or slowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

JOHN MILTON.

TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth ;

Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 May joy be theirs while life shall last !
 And thou, if they should totter, teach them to
 stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet find that other strength, according to their
 need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ;
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :

My hopes no more must change their name
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power :
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
O let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me
live !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LORD OF HIMSELF.

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death—
Nor tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;

Who hath his ear from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state but rules of good ;

Who God doth late and early pray .
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend—

This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed :
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVENING IN PARADISE

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;

Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest ; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest,
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our present labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder valleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring,¹ and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth ;
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance if we mean to tread with ease ;
Meanwhile as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

¹ *Our manuring.*—Our culture.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty 'dorned :
 " My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
 Unargued I obey ; so God ordains :
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these? For
 whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep has shut all eyes? "

To whom our general ancestor replied :
 " Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,
 These have their course to finish round the Earth
 By morrow evening, and from land to land

In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things ; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue—on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were
none,

That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower.

JOHN MILTON.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not ; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see ;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight,
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace
And cast thee shuddering on thy face !

The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand ;
Or trusting less to earthly things
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain ;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee ;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain
God will help thee for to-morrow
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;

Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching Heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

NOW.

RISE ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to the fight are gone :
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field ;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Of bidding some giant yield ;

Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may !)
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise ! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget ;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret :
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever ;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise ! for the day is passing :
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Part VI.



NATURE'S MIRROR.

Part VI.

NATURE'S MIRROR.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Polonius. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for
shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There,— my blessing
with thee ;

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged couráge. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposéd may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
ment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :

For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—to thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

W. SHAKESPEARE.
 (From *Hamlet*.)

A QUESTION OF DESPAIR.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the
 question :—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to sleep,
 No more :—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep :—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the
 rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

W. SHAKESPEARE.
(From *Hamlet*.)

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER
CÆSAR'S CORPSE.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interréd with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men,

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar ; I do fear it.

You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
 Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii :
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed ;
 And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty
heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.—
O, now you weep ; and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here.
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable :—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do't :—they're wise and honour-
able,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

W. SHAKESPEARE.
 (From *Julius Cæsar*.)

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
 this bank !
 Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
 Such harmony is in immortal souls :
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [Music.]

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus ;
Let no such man be trusted : Mark the music.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

(From *The Merchant of Venice.*)

CONDEMNATION OF TRAITORS.

King Henry V. The mercy that was quick in us
but late,

By your own counsel is suppressed and killed :
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge
here,—

You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature !
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,—
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils, sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause
 That admiration did not whoop at them :
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder :
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
 All other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being
 fetched

From glistening semblances of piety ;
 But he that tempered thee, bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do
 treason

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions "I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's."

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger ;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;

Garnished and decked in modest complement ;
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purgéd judgment trusting neither ?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open :
 Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
 And God acquit them of their practices !

W. SHAKESPEARE.

(From *Henry V.*)

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Duke Senior. [Now, my co-mates, and brothers in
 exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

This is no flattery : these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Amiens. I would not change it. Happy is your
 grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us
 venison ?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should, in their own confines, with forkéd heads
 Have their round haunches gored.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
 And in that kind swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
 To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish : and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
 Much markéd of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Senior.

But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralise this spectacle ?

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
 " Poor deer," quoth he, " thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much." Then, being there
 alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends ;
 " 'Tis right," quoth he ; " thus misery doth part
 The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him : " Ay," quoth Jaques,
 " Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life ; swearing, that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

(From *As You Like It*.)

DESCRIPTION OF A JESTER.

Faques. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool!
“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I:—“No, sir,” quoth
he,
“Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
fortune.”
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, “It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the world
wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

(From *As You Like It*.)

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then, the whining school-boy with his
satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the
justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

(From *As You Like It*.)

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
 For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
 I won his daughter.

.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
 Still questioned me the story of my life,
 From year to year—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have passed.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly
 breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history ;
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
 heaven,
 It was my hint to speak,—such was the process ;—
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively : I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
 That Heaven had made her such a man : she
 thanked me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used :
 Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

W. SHAKESPEARE.
 (From *Othello*.)

Part VII.



FUN AND FROLIC.

Part VII.

FUN AND FROLIC

A TRAGIC STORY.

THERE lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore ;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, " The mystery I've found ;
I'll turn me round "—he turned him round,
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin ;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him. †

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist and twirl and tack,
Alas ! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD
DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friend and foes ;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues had lied :
The man recovered of the bite
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DOMESTIC ASIDES ;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

I REALLY take it very kind—

This visit, Mrs. Skinner—

I have not seen you such an age—

(The wretch has come to dinner !)

Your daughters, too—what loves of girls !

What heads for painters' easels !

Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—

(And give it, p'rhaps, the measles !)

Your charming boys I see are home

From Reverend Mr. Russell's—

'Twas very kind to bring them both—

(What boots for my new Brussels !)

What ! little Clara left at home ?

Well, now, I call that shabby !

I should have loved to kiss her so—

(A flabby, dabby babby !)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well ?

But, though he lives so handy,

He never once drops in to sup—

(The better for our brandy !)

Come, take a seat—I long to hear

About Matilda's marriage ;

You've come, of course, to spend the day

(Thank Heaven ! I hear the carriage !)

What ! must you go ?—next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure.
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure !)
Good bye ! good bye ! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners—
(Now, David—mind, I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners.)

THOMAS HOOD.

FAITHLESS NELLIE GRAY.:

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms ;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms !

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, " Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot ! "

The army surgeons made him limbs :
Said he, " They're only pegs :
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs ! "

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nellie Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devoirs,
When he'd devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nellie Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off !

“ O Nellie Gray ! O Nellie Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform ! ”

Said she, “ I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !

“ Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow ;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now ! ”

“ O Nellie Gray ! O Nellie Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Bajadoz's *breaches* ! ”

“ Why, then,” said she, “ you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,

And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your seats of arms ! ”

“ Oh, false and fickle Nellie Gray,
I know why you refuse :—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes !

“ I wish I ne'er had seen your face ;
But, now, a long farewell !
For you will be my death ;—alas !
You will not be my *Nell* ! ”

Now, when he went from Nellie Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line !

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course,
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down !

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died,
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside !

THOMAS HOOD

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade,
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew,
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

“ And is he gone, and is he gone ? ”
She cried, and wept outright :—
“ Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight.”

A waterman came up to her,
“ Now, young woman,” said he,
“ If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.”

“ Alas ! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow ” ;
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee, woe !

Says he, “ They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see ; ”
“ The Tender ship ! ” cried Sally Brown,
“ What a hard-ship that must be !

“ Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him ;
But oh !—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

“ Alas ! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,

So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so ?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried ;
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell :
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

“OH, for one hour of youthful joy !
Give back my twentieth spring !
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a grey-beard king !

“Off with the wrinkled spoils of age,
Away with learning's crown !
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down !

“One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame !
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame !”—

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
“If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

“But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day ?”—

“Ah, truest soul of woman-kind !
Without thee, what were life ?
One bliss I cannot leave behind :
I'll take—my—precious—wife !”—

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew,
“The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too !”

“And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears ?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years !”—

“Why, yes ; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys ;
I could not bear to leave them all ;
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys !”

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
“Why, this will never do ;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too !”

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the grey-haired boys.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PERILS OF INVISIBILITY.

OLD Peter led a wretched life—
Old Peter had a furious wife ;
Old Peter, too, was truly stout,
He measured several yards about.

The little fairy Picklekin
One summer afternoon looked in,
And said, " Old Peter, how de do ?
Can I do anything for you ?

" I have three gifts—the first will give
Unbounded riches while you live ;
The second, health, where'er you be ;
The third, invisibility."

" O little fairy Picklekin,"
Old Peter answered with a grin,
To hesitate would be absurd,—
Undoubtedly I choose the third."

" 'Tis yours," the fairy said ; " be quite
Invisible to mortal sight
Whene'er you please. Remember me
Most kindly, pray, to Mrs. P."

Old Mrs. Peter overheard
Wee Picklekin's concluding word,

And, jealous of her girlhood's choice,
Said "That was some young woman's voice!"

Old Peter let her scold and swear—
Old Peter, bless him, didn't care.
"My dear, your rage is wasted quite—
Observe, I disappear from sight!"

A well-bred fairy (so I've heard)
Is always faithful to her word:
Old Peter vanished like a shot,
But then—*his suit of clothes did not!*

For when conferred the fairy slim
Invisibility on *him*,
She popped away on fairy wings,
Without referring to his "things."

So there remained a coat of blue,
A vest and double eyeglass too,
His tail, his shoes, his socks as well,
His pair of—no, I must not tell.

Old Mrs. Peter soon began
To see the failure of his plan,
And then resolved (I quote the bard)
To "hoist him with his own petard."

Old Peter woke next day and dressed,
Put on his coat, his shoes, and vest,
His shirt and stock; *but could not find*
His only pair of—never mind!

Old Peter was a decent man,
And though he twigged his lady's plan,
Yet, hearing her approaching, he
Resumed invisibility.

"Dear Mrs. P., my only joy!"
Exclaimed the horrified old boy,
"Now, give them up, I beg of you—
You know what I'm referring to!"

But no; the cross old lady swore
She'd keep his—what I said before—
To make him publicly absurd;
And Mrs. Peter kept her word.

The poor old fellow had no rest;
His coat, his stock, his shoes, his vest
Were all that now met mortal eye—
The rest, invisibility!

"Now, Madam, give them up, I beg—
I've had rheumatics in my leg;
Besides, until you do, it's plain,
I cannot come to sight again!

"For though some mirth it might afford
To see my clothes without their lord,
Yet there would rise indignant oaths
If he were seen without his clothes!"

But no; resolved to have her quiz,
The lady held her own—and his—

And Peter left his humble cot
To find a pair of—you know what.

But—here's the worst of the affair—
Whene'er he came across a pair
All ready placed for him to don,
He was too stout to get them on !

So he resolved at once to train,
And walked and walked with all his main ;
For years he paced this mortal earth,
To bring himself to decent girth.

At night, when all around is still,
You'll find him pounding up a hill ;
And shrieking peasants whom he meets
Fall down in terror on the peats !

Old Peter walks through wind and rain,
Resolved to train, and train, and train,
Until he weighs twelve stone or so—
And when he does, I'll let you know.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.

THE OLD NAVY.

THE captain stood on the carronade : “ First lieutenant,” says he,
 “ Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me ;
 I haven’t the gift of the gab, my sons—because I’m bred to the sea ;
 That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I’ve been to sea,
 I’ve fought ’gainst every odds—but I’ve gained the victory !

“ That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don’t take *she*,
 ’Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we* ;
 I haven’t the gift of the gab, my boys ; so each man to his gun ;
 If she’s not mine in half an hour, I’ll flog each mother’s son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I’ve been to sea,
 I’ve fought ’gainst every odds—and I’ve gained the victory ! ”

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough ;

“ I little thought,” said he, “ that your men were of such stuff ” ;

Our captain took the Frenchman’s sword, a low bow made to *he* ;

“ I haven’t the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I’ve been to sea,

I’ve fought ’gainst every odds—but I’ve gained the victory ! ”

Our captain sent for all of us : “ My merry men,” said he,

“ I haven’t the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be :

You’ve done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun ;

If you hadn’t, you villains, as sure as day, I’d have flogged each mother’s son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I’m at sea,

I’ll fight ’gainst every odds—and I’ll gain the victory ! ”

CAPTAIN F. MARRYAT.

THE THREE SAILORS.

THERE were three sailors in Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Bil-ly.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am confounded hung-ery."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We have no wittles, so we must eat *we*."

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"Oh! gorging Jim, what a fool you be!

"There's little Bill as is young and tender,
We're old and tough—so let's eat *he*."

"Oh! Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie."

When Bill he heard this information,
He used his pocket handkerchie.

“Oh ! let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me.”

“Make haste, make haste,” says guzzling Jacky,
Whilst Jim pulled out his snicker-snee.

So Bill went up the maintop-gallant mast,
When down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had said his catechism,
When up he jumps ; “There’s land I see :

“There’s Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Ameri-*key*.

“There’s the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B.”

So when they came to the Admiral’s vessel,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jim-*my*.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning ;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size ;
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all ;

The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE WILLOW TREE.

ANOTHER VERSION.

I.

LONG by the willow-trees
Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
O'er the grey water :
" Where is my lovely one ?
Where is my daughter ?

II.

" Rouse thee, sir constable—
Rouse thee and look ;
Fisherman, bring your net,
Boatman, your hook.
Beat in the lily beds,
Dive in the brook ! "

III.

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her ;
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder ;
Vainly he flung the net,
Never it hauled her !

IV.

Mother beside the fire
Sat, her nightcap in ;
Father, in easy-chair,
Gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping !

V.

And a pale countenance
Looked through the casement,
Loud beat the mother's heart
Sick with amazement,
And at the vision which
Came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony—
“Lor ! it's Elizar !”

VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—
Yes, 'twas their girl ;
Pale was her cheek, and her
Hair out of curl.

“Mother!” the loving one,
 Blushing, exclaimed,
 “Let not your innocent
 Lizzy be blamed.

VII.

“Yesterday, going to Aunt
 Jones’s to tea,
 Mother, dear mother, I
 Forgot the door-key!
 And as the night was cold,
 And the way steep,
 Mrs. Jones kept me to
 Breakfast and sleep.”

VIII.

Whether her Pa and Ma
 Fully believed her,
 That we shall never know;
 Stern they received her;
 And for the work of that
 Cruel, though short, night,
 Sent her to bed without
 Tea for a fortnight.

IX.

MORAL.

*Hey diddle diddlety,
 Cat and the Fiddlety
 Maidens of England, take caution by she!
 Let love and suicide
 Never tempt you aside,
 And always remember to take the door-key!*
 WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

KING CANUTE.

KING CANUTE was weary hearted ; he had reigned
for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much
and robbing more ;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the
wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King
with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver-sticks
and gold-sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the
officers of state.

Sliding after like a shadow, pausing when he chose
to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers
dropped their jaws ;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in
loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear
to old and young :
Twice his Grace had yawned at table when his
favourite gleemen sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he
bade her hold her tongue.

“Something ails my gracious master,” cried the Keeper of the Seal.

“Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served to dinnet, or the veal.”

“Psha!” exclaimed the angry monarch. “Keeper, ’tis not that I feel.

“’Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair ;

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care.

Oh, I’m sick and tired and weary.” Someone cried, “The King’s armchair !”

Then, towards the lacqueys turning, quick my lord the Keeper nodded.

Straight the King’s great-chair was brought him by two footmen, able-bodied ;

Languidly he sank into it ; it was comfortably wadded.

“Leading on my fierce companions,” cried he, “over storm and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered ! Where was glory like to mine ?”

Loudly all the courtiers echoed : “Where is glory like to thine ?”

“What avail me all my kingdoms ? Weary am I now and old ;

Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold ;

Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the
silent mould.

“ Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent ! at my bosom
tears and bites ;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out
all the lights,
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed
at nights.

“ Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacri-
legious fires,
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their
slaughtered sires.”

“ Such a tender conscience,” cries the Bishop,
“ everyone admires.

“ But for such unpleasant bygones, cease my
gracious lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother
Church ;
Never, never, does she leave her benefactors in the
lurch.

“ Look ! the land is crowned with minsters, which
your Grace's bounty raised ;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven
are daily praised :
You, my lord, to think of dying ! On my conscience
I'm amazed ! ”

“Nay, I feel,” replied King Canute, “that my end is drawing near.”

“Don’t say so,” exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear),

“Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.”

“Live these fifty years !” the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

“Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute ?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do’t.

“Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methusaleh,

Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn’t the King as well as they ? ”

“Fervently,” exclaimed the Keeper, “fervently I trust he may.”

“*He* to die ? ” resumed the Bishop. “He a mortal like to *us* ?

Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus* :

Keeper, you are irreligious for to tack and cavil thus.

“With his wondrous skill in healing ne’er a doctor can compete,

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean
upon their feet ;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness
think it meet.

“Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun
upon the hill,

And the while he slew the foemen bid the silver
moon stand still ?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his
sacred will.”

“Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir
Bishop ? ” Canute cried ;

“Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her
heavenly ride ?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command
the tide.

“Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I
make the sign ? ”

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, “Land and sea, my
lord, are thine.”

Canute turned towards the ocean—“Back ! ” he
said, “thou foaming brine.

“From the sacred shore I stand on, I command
thee to retreat ;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy
master’s seat !

Ocean, be thou still ! I bid thee come not nearer
to my feet ! ”

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder,
 deeper roar,
 And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding
 on the shore ;
 Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King
 and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to
 human clay,
 But alone to praise and worship That which earth
 and seas obey ;
 And his golden crown of empire never wore he
 from that day.
 King Canute is dead and gone : Parasites exist
 always.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair,
 Bishop and Abbot and Prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company ;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended
 knee.

Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,

Read of in books or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

In and out Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about,
Here and there, Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier ! he hopped upon all !

With saucy air, He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's
Grace

With a satisfied look, as if he would say
" We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! "
And the priests, with awe, As such freaks
they saw,
Said, " The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! "

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And Six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls !
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through !
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.

Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne ;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more A napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :

From his finger he draws, His costly tur-
 quoise ;
 And not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a
 rout,
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,
 But the monks have their pockets turn'd inside
 out ;

The friars are kneeling, And hunting and
 feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the
 ceiling.

The Cardinal drew Off each plum-coloured
 shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;
 He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the
 heels ;

They turn up the dishes ; they turn up the
plates—

They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs, They examine the
mugs :—

But, no !—no such thing :—They can't find
THE RING !

And the Abbot declared that “when nobody
twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd
it !”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell and his book !

In holy anger, and pious grief,

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in
bed ;

From the sole of his foot to the crown of his
head ;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night

He should dream of the devil, and wake in a
fright ;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in
drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in
winking,

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying,

He cursed him in living, he cursed him in
dying !—

Never was heard such a terrible curse !

But what gave rise To no little surprise,
 Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone, The night came on,
 The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn :
 When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
 Came limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !

No longer gay, As on yesterday ;
 His feathers all seemed to be turn'd the wrong
 way :—

His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand—
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;

His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, “THAT’S
 HIM :—

That’s the scamp that has done the scandalous
 thing !

That’s the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal’s
 ring ! ”

The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he
 saw,

Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
 And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
 “ Pray be so good as to step this way ! ”

Slower and slower He limp'd on before,
 Till they came to the back of the belfry door.

When the first thing they saw
 'Midst the sticks and the straw,
 Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw !
 Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
 And off that terrible curse he took ;

The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
 And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
 The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !
 —When those words were heard, That poor
 little bird
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd ;
 He grew sleek and fat. In addition to that,
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !
 His tail waggled more Even than before ;
 But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
 No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
 He hopp'd now about With a gait devout ;
 At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;
 And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
 He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
 If any one lied—or if any swore,—
 Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
 That good Jackdaw Would give a great
 “ Caw ! ”
 As much as to say, “ Don't do so any more ! ”

While many remark'd, as his manners they saw
 That they “ never had known such a pious
 Jackdaw ! ”

He long lived the pride Of that country side,
 And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;
 When, as words were too faint His merits to
 paint,
 The Conclave determined to make him a Saint !
 And on newly-made Saints and Popes as you know,

It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow !

RICHARD BARHAM.

(From "*The Ingoldsby Legends.*")

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN
ANNE.

THE LADY JANE was tall and slim,

The Lady Jane was fair,

And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,

But his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,

And he wore green "specs," with a tortoiseshell
rim,

And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,

And she was uncommonly fond of him,—

And they were a loving pair !—

And the name and the fame

Of the Knight and his Dame

Were ev'rywhere hail'd with the loudest acclaim ;

And wherever they went, or wherever they came,

Far and wide, The people cried

"Huzzah ! for the Lord of this noble domain,—

Huzzah ! huzzah ! huzzah !—once again !—

Encore !—Encore !— One cheer more !

—All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain

To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane !"

Now Sir Thomas the Good, Be it well understood,
 Was a man of a very contemplative mood,—
 He would pore by the hour O'er a weed or a
 flower,
 Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower ;
 Black-beetles and Bumble-bees,—Blue-bottle flies,
 And Moths were of no small account in his eyes ;
 An " Industrious Flea " he'd by no means despise,
 While an " Old Daddy-long-legs," whose " long
 legs " and thighs
 Pass'd the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
 He was wont to consider an absolute prize,
 Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce " keep his
 paws off "—he
 Gave up, in short, Both business and sport,
 And abandon'd himself *tout entier*, to Philosophy.

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,—
 And Lady Jane was fair,
 And a good many years the junior of him,—
 And as he, All agree,
 Look'd less like her *Mari*,
 As he walk'd by her side, than her *Père*,
 There are some might be found entertaining a
 notion
 That such an entire and exclusive devotion
 To that part of science folks style Entomology,
 Was a positive shame, And, to such a fair
 Dame,
 Really demanded some sort of apology :

—No doubt it *would* vex One half of the sex
 To see their own husband in horrid green “specs,”
 Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
 Still poking his nose into this and to that,
 At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,

Or great ugly things, All legs and wings,
 With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings;
 And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,

—One eternally thinking
 And blinking, and winking
 At grubs, — when he ought to be winking at
 them.”—

But no!—oh no! 'Twas by no means so
 With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby—she, far discreeter,
 And, having a temper more even and sweeter,

Would never object to *Her* spouse, in respect to
 His poking and peeping After “things
 creeping” ;

Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,
 Or scolding at what she perceived him so deep in.

Tout au contraire, No lady so fair
 Was e'er known to wear more contented an air ;
 And, let who would call,—every day she was there,
 Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
 Some toothsome conserve of quince, apple, or pear,
 Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
 Or counting her spoons and her crockery-ware ;
 Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care
 Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair
 With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare,
 Enough to make less gifted visitors stare,

And declare, where'er
 They had been, that, "they ne'er
 In their lives had seen aught that at all could
 compare
 With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they
 would swear."

Nay more ; don't suppose With such doings
 as those
 This account of her merits must come to a close ;
 No ;—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
 She by no means neglected improving her mind ;
 For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
 She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
 Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.

Close by her side, Sat her kinsman, MacBride,
 Her cousin, fourteen-times removed,—as you'll see
 If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
 In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx., page 53.

All the papers I've read agree, Too, with the
 pedigree,
 Where, among the collateral branches, appears
 "Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots Fusileers" ;
 And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his clan
 A more highly intelligent, worthy young man ;—
 And there he'd be sitting, While she was a
 knitting,
 Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,
 Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit" in,
 Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
 Some very "wise saw" from some very good
 book,—

Some such pious divine as St. Thomas
Aquinas :

Or, equally charming, The works of Bellar-
mine ;

Or else he unravels The "voyages and
travels"

Of Hackluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names *do*
sully verse !)—

Purchas's, Hawksworth's or Lemuel Gulliver's,—
Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so
Admired as John Bunyan and Robinson Crusoe.—

No matter who came, It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
Till, from having gone through half the books on
the shelf,

They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well, it happened one day, —I really can't
say

The particular month ; but I *think* 'twas in May,—
'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring-time,—when " Nature
looks gay,"

As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away ;

When the grass is so green, and the sun is so
bright,

And all things are teeming with life and with
light,—

That the whole of the house was thrown into
affright,

For no soul could conceive what was gone with the
Knight !

It seems he had taken A light breakfast—
bacon,
An egg—with a little broiled haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's
roast.

And then—let me see!— He had two—
perhaps three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder
tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,
—Which with nine out of ten would perhaps
disagree.—

—In fact, I and my son Mix “black” with
our “Hyson,”

Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call
“pison.”

No matter for that— He had called for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
And his “specs” with the tortoiseshell rim, and
his cane

With the crutch-handled top, which he used to
sustain

His steps in his walks, and to poke in the
shrubs

And the grass when unearthing his worms and his
grubs—

Thus arm'd, he set out on a ramble—alack!

He *set out*, poor dear Soul!—but he never came
back!

"First dinner-bell" rang Out its euphonious
 clang
 At five—folks kept early hours then—and the "Last"
 Ding-donged, as it ever was wont, at half-past,
 While Betsy and Sally, And Thompson, the
 Valet,
 And everyone else was beginning to bless himself,
 Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress
 himself.—
 —Quoth Betsy, "Dear me! why the fish will be
 cold!"
 Quoth Sally, "Good gracious! how 'Missis' will
 scold!"
 Thompson, the *Valet*, Look'd gravely at Sally,
 As who should say, "Truth must not always be
 told!"
 Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take
 cold,
 Thus exposed to the dews,
 Lamb's-wool stockings and shoes,
 Of each a fresh pair, He put down to air,
 And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair.—

 Still the Master was absent—the Cook came and
 said, "he
 Much fear'd, as the dinner had been so long ready,
 The roast and the boil'd Would be all of it
 spoil'd,
 And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a
 treat,
 He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat!"

This closed the debate— " 'Twould be folly
to wait,"
Said the Lady, " Dish up!—Let the meal be served
straight,
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He's lost sure as
fate!
And, a hundred to one, won't be home till it's late!
—Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded to face
The Lady at table,—stood up, and said grace,—
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas's place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That live-long night did the hours go by;
And the Lady Jane, In grief and in pain,
She sat herself down to cry!
And Captain McBride, Who sat by her side,
Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
At least had a tear in his eye!—
As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
From "very young fellows" for very "old chaps";
And if he had said What he'd got in his head,
'Twould have been, "Poor old Buffer! he's cer-
tainly dead!"
The morning dawn'd,—and the next,—and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplex'd;
No watch-dog "bay'd a welcome home," as
A watch-dog should to the "Good Sir Thomas";
No knocker fell His approach to tell,
Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—
The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
 And the meads smiled green as green may be,
 And the dear little dickey-birds caroll'd with glee,
 And the lambs in the park skipp'd merry and
 free—

Without all was joy and harmony !

“ And thus 'twill be,—nor long the day,—
 Ere we, like him, shall pass away !
 Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,
 Shall shine,—but shine on other forms ;
 Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
 Us now, shall sound on other ears,—
 The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
 But other eyes its sports survey,—
 The stream we love shall roll as fair,
 The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre
 Shall scent, as now, the ambient air,—
 The Tree, whose bending branches bear
 The One loved name—shall yet be there ;—
 But where the hand that carved it ?—
 Where ? ”

These were hinted to me as The very ideas
 Which pass'd through the mind of the fair Lady
 Jane,
 Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,
 As she walk'd on the esplanade, to and again,
 With Captain MacBride, Of course, at her
 side,
 Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though he
 tried,

--An "idea," in fact, had got into *his* head,
 That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be
 dead,
 It might be no bad "spec" to be there in his stead,
 And, by simply contriving in due time, to wed
 A Lady who was young and fair,
 A Lady slim and tall,
 To set himself down in comfort there,
 The Lord of Tapton Hall.—

Thinks he, "We have sent Half over Kent,
 And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
 Yet no one's been found to say which way he
 went!—

The groom, who's been over To Folkestone
 and Dover,
 Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!
 --Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and
 we've tried
 Every plan we could hit on—the whole country-
 side,
 Upon all its dead walls, with placards we've
 supplied,—
 And we've sent round the Crier, and had him well
 cried—

'MISSING!! Stolen, or strayed, Lost or
 mislaid,
 A GENTLEMAN ;—middle-aged, sober, and staid ;—
 Stoops slightly ;—and when he left home was
 array'd
 In a sad-colour'd suit, somewhat dingy and fray'd ;—

Had spectacles on with a tortoiseshell rim,
And a hat rather low-crown'd and broad in the
brim.



Whoe'er Shall bear, Or shall send him with
care

(Right side uppermost) home ; or shall give notice
where

The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is ; or shall state
Any fact that may tend to throw light on his fate,
To the man at the turnpike, call'd TAPPINGTON

GATE,

Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for his
trouble,—

( N.B.—If defunct the REWARD will be
double!! )'

Had he been above ground,

He *must* have been found,

No ; doubtless he's shot,—or he's hanged,—or he's
drown'd !

Then his Widow—ay ! ay !—

But what will folks say—

To address her at once—at so early a day !

Well—what then ?—who cares !—let 'em say what
they may—

A fig for their nonsense and chatter !—suffice it,
her

Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at
her ! ”

When a man has decided
As Captain MacBride did,

And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.

He began on the instant, and vow'd that "her
eyes

Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—
That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like
lilies—

Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies!"—
With a thousand more compliments equally true,
And express'd in similitudes equally new!

—Then his left arm he placed

Round her jimp, taper waist—

—Ere she fix'd to repulse, or return, his embrace,

Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,

With that very peculiar expression of face

Which always betokens dismay or disaster,

Crying out—'twas the Gardener,—“ Oh, Ma'am!
we've found Master!”

—“ Where! where?” scream'd the lady; and Echo
scream'd “ Where?”

The man couldn't say “ There!”

He had no breath to spare,

But, gasping for air, he could only respond

By pointing—he pointed, alas!—TO THE POND.

—'Twas e'en so—poor dear Knight!—with his
“ specs.” and his hat,

He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that;

When, close to the side of the bank he espied

An “ uncommon fine” Tadpole, remarkably fat!

He stoop'd; and he thought her

His own; he had caught her!

Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought
 her,
 When—he plump'd head and heels into fifteen feet
 water !

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 The Lady Jane was fair,
 Alas for Sir Thomas !—she grieved for him,
 As she saw two serving men, sturdy of limb,
 His body between them bear,
 She sobb'd, and she sigh'd ; she lamented, and cried,
 For of sorrow brimful was her cup ;
 She swoon'd, and I think she'd have fall'n down and
 died,

If Captain MacBride Had not been by her side,
 With the Gardener ; they both their assistance
 supplied,

And managed to hold her up.—

But when she “ comes to,” Oh ! 'tis shocking
 to view

The sight which the corpse reveals !

Sir Thomas's body, It looks so odd—he

Was half eaten up by the eels !

His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes

Were all gnaw'd through and through ;

And out of each shoe An eel they drew ;

And from each of his pockets they pull'd out two !

And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,

As well we may suppose ;

For, when he came running to give the alarm,

He had six in his basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John Was summoned anon ;
 Holy water was sprinkled, And little bells
 tinkled,
 And tapers were lighted, And incense ignited,
 And masses were sung, and masses were said,
 All day, for the quiet repose of the dead.
 And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim
 And Lady Jane was fair,—
 And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
 Had made up her mind—or, what's much the
 same,
 Had *thought about*—once more “changing her
 name,”
 And she said, with a pensive air,
 To Thompson, the *Valet*, while taking away,
 When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
 “Eels a many I've ate ;—but any
 So good ne'er tasted before !—
 They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond,—
 Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond—
 Poor dear !—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE ! !”

MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentlemen let me advise,
 If you're married, and have not got very good eyes,
 Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies !—
 If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell
 rim,—
 And don't go near the water,—unless you can
 swim !

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair
 Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware
 How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to
 despair ;

But let them reflect, "There are fish, and no
 doubt on't—

As good *in* the river as ever came *out* on't !"

Should they light on a spouse that is given to
 roaming

In solitude—*raison de plus*, in the "gloaming,"
 Let them have fix'd time for said spouse to come
 home in !

And if, when "last dinner-bell" 's rung, he is late,
 To insure better manners in future—Don't wait !—

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,
 Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the
 pond !

One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals—
 That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,
 Then—*Crede experto*—trust one who has tried—
 Have them spitch-cock'd—or stew'd—they're too
 oily when fried !

RICHARD BARHAM.
 (From " *The Ingoldsby Legends.*")

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN :
A CHILD'S STORY.

I.

HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, 'twas a pity

II.

Rats !
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking ;
 " 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy :
 And as for our Corporation—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
 Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate we'll send you packing ! "
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council.
 At length the Mayor broke silence :
 " For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell
 I wish I were a mile hence !
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain ;
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain !
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap ! "
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap
 " Bless us ! " cried the Mayor. " What's that ? "
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little, though wondrous fat,
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister.
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)

“Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?

Anything like the sound of a rat

Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !”

V.

“Come in !” the Mayor cried, looking bigger ;

And in did come the strangest figure !

His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow, and half of red,

And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

And light loose hair, and swarthy skin ;

No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin !

But lips where smiles went out and in ;

There was no guessing his kith and kin ;

And nobody could enough admire

The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one : “It’s as my great grandsire ;

Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,

Had walked this way from his painted tombstone !”

VI.

He advanced to the council-table :

And, “Please your honours,” said he, “I’m able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun

That creep or swim, or fly or run,

After me so as you never saw !

And I chiefly use my charm

On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad, and newt and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, so low it dangled
Over his vesture, so old-fangled.)
“ Yet,” said he, “ poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats ;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? ”
“ One ? Fifty thousand ! ” was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the piper stopt,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished !
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, " At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider-press's gripe ;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-boards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
 The world has grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'—
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'—
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!" when suddenly up the face
 Of the piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand
 guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,

“Our business was done at the river’s brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !”

X.

The piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling ! I can’t wait ; beside,
I’ve promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor !
With him I proved no bargain-driver ;
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.”

XI.

“How ?” cried the Mayor, “d’ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst !”

XII.

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering ;
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is
scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry,
To the children merrily skipping by,
Could they follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolls its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !

However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelburg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed.
Great was the joy in every breast :
“ He never can cross that mighty top !
He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop ! ”
When, lo ! as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed,
And the piper advanced and the children followed
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all ? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after-years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—
“ It’s dull in our town since my playmates left !
I can’t forget that I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where water gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue.
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs out-ran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings ;
And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more ! ”

XIV.

Alas, alas, for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says that Heaven's gate
 Opes to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
 The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
 To offer the piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
 And piper and dancers were gone for ever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear—
 “ And so long after what happened here
 On the twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six ” ;
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's street,
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor

Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick-land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

xv.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers !
And, whether they pipe us free fròm rats or fròm
 mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Part VIII.



IN CHILDHOOD'S HOUR.

Part VIII.

IN CHILDHOOD'S HOUR.

THE LOST DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears.
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled ;
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest girl in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE GIRL DESCRIBES HER FAWN.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed ;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they—
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white,—shall I say,—than my hand ?
Nay, any lady's of the land !

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet :
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race :—
And when 't had left me far away
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay :
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness :
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovéd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;

Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before my eyes :—
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold :—
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without—roses within.

ANDREW MARVELL.

FOREIGN LANDS.

UP into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me ?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass ;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,
To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy-land.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE LOST PUDDING.

MISS KITTY was rude at the table one day
And would not sit still on her seat.
Regardless of all that her mother could say,
From her chair little Kitty kept running away,
All the time they were eating their meat.

As soon as she saw that the beef was removed,
She ran to her chair in great haste ;
But her mother such giddy behaviour reprov'd
By sending away the sweet pudding she loved
Without giving Kitty one taste.

ELIZABETH TURNER.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "'Weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved ; so I
said,
"Hush, Tom ! never mind it, for when your head's
bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white
hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight !—
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and
 Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free ;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they
 run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and
 warm :

So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

You are a naughty pussy-cat ;
I think it right to mention that
For all who see your picture here—
'Twas you who broke my bunny dear.

An hour ago, as you can tell,
I left him here, alive and well ;
And now he's dead, and, what is more,
You've broke his leg, I'm pretty sure.

For you, my puss, I'll never care,
No—never, never, never—there !
And you are in disgrace, you know,
And in the corner you must go.

What, crying ? Then I must cry too,
And I can't bear to punish you ;
Perhaps my bunny isn't dead,
Perhaps you've only stunned his head.

And though I'm sure you broke his leg,
It may be mended with a peg ;
And though he's very, very funny,
My bunny's not a real bunny ;
And I'll forgive and tell you that
You're my own precious pussy-cat.

ROBERT MACK.

MY SHADOW.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can
see,
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the
head,
And I see him jump before me when I jump into
my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes
to grow,
Not at all like proper children, which is always
very slow ;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-
rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none
of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to
play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of
way ;
He stays so close beside me : he's a coward, you
can see ,
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow
sticks to me.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-
cup,
But my lazy little shadow, like ancient Sleepy-
head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep
in bed.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go
With different uniforms and drills
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills ;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets ;
Or brought my trees and houses out
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
 That sits upon the pillow-hill
 And sees before him, field and plain,
 The pleasant land of counterpane.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE WIND.

I SAW you toss the kites on high
 And blow the birds about the sky ;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass.

O Wind, a-blowing all day long,—
 O Wind, that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid.
 I felt you push, I heard you call,
 I could not see yourself at all.

O Wind, a-blowing all day long,—
 O Wind, that blows so loud a song.

O you that are so strong and cold,
 O blower, are you young or old ?
 Are you a beast of field and tree,
 Or just a stronger child than me ?

O Wind, a-blowing all day long,—
 O Wind, that sings so loud a song.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do.

Up in the air, and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees, and cattle and all,
Over the country-side—

Till I look on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

R. L. STEVENSON.

NOTES

Page 3.—"ROYAL AND DOWER-ROYAL."—The royal city of Bombay fell into the hands of the Portuguese in 1530, and was ceded by them to England in the year 1662 as the "royal dower" of Catharine of Braganza, daughter of John IV., King of Portugal, on the occasion of the marriage of that princess to Charles II., King of England.

Page 3.—The city of CALCUTTA is built upon the silt washed down by the waters of the River Ganges. The swamps around Calcutta are very unhealthy, but Calcutta has long been a rich commercial city, and many fortunes have been made there.

Page 4.—RANGOON is the capital of British Burma. The Burmese are notoriously easy-going and leisure-loving. The Shwē Dagon (pronounced "Shway Dargōn") is a famous Temple in Burma entirely covered with gold-leaf. It is part of the religious duty of every Burmese to add a small piece of gold-leaf each year.

Page 4.—SINGAPORE, guarding the Straits of Malacca, is one of the most important stations on the great trade route to the East. A glance at the map will make this apparent.

Page 4.—PRAYA OF HONG-KONG.—The Praya is the fashionable parade and promenade at Hong-Kong. The last two lines of the stanza refer to the fact that the defences of Hong-Kong on the land side are insufficient to protect the harbour from attack. Steps are now being taken to remedy this defect.

Page 4.—The fortress of HALIFAX, which is reached through the fogs on the Newfoundland Banks, has never been captured.

Page 5.—The enmity which existed between QUÉBEC and MONTREAL before the whole of Canada was united into one "Dominion," is here alluded to.

Page 5.—The 180th *meridian of longitude* lies just to the east of NEW ZEALAND; hence the reference to East and West in this verse.

Page 5.—CAPETOWN has frequently changed hands. The colony was finally captured from the Dutch in 1806, and ceded to Britain in 1814. The "Lion's Head" is a rugged mountain adjoining the flat-topped Table Mountain, somewhat resembling the head of a lion. The "Line" means the Equator.

Page 5.—The prosperity of MELBOURNE was originally owing to the great discoveries of gold in the colony of Victoria.

Page 6.—HOBART TOWN was at one time a convict station, but it has now long since ceased to be so.

Page 7.—HAMPDEN, JOHN (b. 1594, d. 1643), a Buckinghamshire squire, cousin of Oliver Cromwell, who was imprisoned for refusing to pay the unjust tax of "ship money" levied by Charles I. He was afterwards one of the leaders of the Parliamentary party in the Civil War, and was killed at the fight of Chalgrove Field in 1643.

Page 7.—RUSSELL, LORD WILLIAM (b. 1639, d. 1683), a leader of the Opposition in Charles II.'s reign, and a supporter of the "Exclusion Bill," which was brought forward to exclude the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) from the throne of England on account of his being a Roman Catholic. Lord Russell was afterwards charged with being an accomplice in the Rye House Plot, and executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Page 7.—SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP (b. 1554, d. 1586), poet and soldier. He commanded the English cavalry in the Low Countries, under the Earl of Leicester, and was killed at the battle of Zutphen.

Page 7.—AGINCOURT, THE BATTLE OF, fought on St. Crispin's Day (October 25), 1415. The English army

numbered only 15,000 men, worn out by constant marching and exhausted from lack of food, whereas the French had 50,000 men, containing the flower of French chivalry. The victory was upon the English side, and was one of the greatest in our history. The French loss was 10,000 killed and 14,000 prisoners; the English loss was about 1,500.

Page 12.—MOORE, SIR JOHN.—This gallant general was mortally wounded at the Battle of Corunna, in the N.W. of Spain, on January 16th, 1809, when he was retreating with a little force before a French army of 60,000 men under Napoleon's famous general, Marshal Soult.

Page 13.—"Royal George" was lost off Spithead on August 29th, 1782. She was keeled over for repairs, when a sudden gust of wind washed the sea into her ports, and she sank with great rapidity. The rear-admiral (Kempenfeldt), the crew, and many women and children, in all about 800 persons, were drowned.

Page 15.—BATTLE OF THE BALTIC, 1801.—During the great war with France, Napoleon ordered the Danes to place their fleet at his disposal. This was a serious danger to England, and a British fleet under Sir Hyde Parker and Admiral Nelson was promptly sent to capture the Danish ships at Copenhagen. Nelson was in command of the attack, and it was in this action that the famous incident occurred of Nelson turning his blind eye to the signal of Admiral Parker, who, thinking the danger too great, ordered him to retire. The British victory was complete.

Page 19.—RONCESVALLES.—This place is famous in the old romantic ballads for the death of Roland, the chivalrous paladin of Charlemagne, who was surprised and slain here by the Gascons in the year 778. It was here, also, that Marshal Soult was defeated by the British on July 25th, 1813.

Page 20.—LUCKNOW.—This town on the Goomtee River will always be remembered in connection with the Indian Mutiny of 1857, when the "sepoys," or native soldiers of India, rose against the English officers and murdered a great number of Europeans of all ages and of each sex. The

English inhabitants of Lucknow defended themselves for many months and suffered terrible hardships, until they were rescued by General Havelock.

Page 23.—WELLINGTON.—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington (b. 1769, d. 1852), achieved his first great victory at Assaye, in Central India, when 4,500 native troops under British officers defeated 30,000 men under the Prince of Scindia. Sir Arthur Wellesley (as he was then) was recalled from India to conduct the campaign in Spain against Napoleon's generals. The Peninsular War was one series of brilliant but costly victories achieved by the military genius of Wellington. After Waterloo the great general devoted himself to the service of his country in the peaceful but hardly less arduous work of a statesman. He was laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral in the year 1852.

Page 26.—"WHO IS HE THAT COMETH," ETC.—These words are supposed to be spoken by the spirit of Nelson, who was buried in St. Paul's forty-seven years before the body of the great general was brought to be laid not many feet from that of the equally great admiral.

Page 33.—ALMA.—In 1854 began the Crimean War, in which the allied powers of Great Britain, France, Sardinia, and Turkey fought against Russia. The first battle took place on September 20th, 1854, by the River Alma, in the Peninsula of the Crimea, when the allied arms were victorious.

Page 35.—INKERMAN.—On the 5th of November another battle was fought at Inkerman, in which some 8,000 British infantry, fighting in a dense fog, kept at bay 40,000 Russians.

Page 37.—BALACLAVA.—This battle in the Crimean War is famous for the charges of the Heavy and Light Brigades. In the latter the Light Cavalry Brigade of 600 men, obeying a mistaken order, charged the Russian army and were nearly annihilated.

Page 43.—CHARACTACUS.—The British name of this chief was Caradoc, said to have been the son of Cymbeline. For nine years he fought at the head of the West Britons against the Romans under Vespasian and Claudius. He was defeated

on several occasions, and having fled for refuge to the class of Britons known as Brigantes, was delivered up by their queen, Cartismandua to the Romans (A.D. 51). He was taken in chains to Rome, but the Emperor Claudius, touched by his dignified bearing, set him free.

Page 46.—THE BARD.—There is no historical evidence for the massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward I. as mentioned in this fine ode. The allusions to Urien, Cadwallo, etc., refer to Welsh bards, prophets, and kings, of whom nothing is known beyond their names and a few old legends.

The Bard foretells the future of Edward I.'s descendants, many of whom had a tragic fate. "The shrieks of death thro Berkley" refers to the cruel murder of Edward II. at Berkeley Castle, in which his wife, Isabella, the "she-wolf of France," is said to have been implicated. The lonely pitiful death-bed of Edward III. is next referred to. "The sable warrior" is Edward the Black Prince. Reference is next made to the dethronement of Richard II. and the Wars of the Roses, in which the Tower of London (the "towers of Julius") was the scene of many a tragic act. "The meek usurper" is Henry VI., and "the bristled boar," etc., refers to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. (whose shield bore the image of a boar), the murderer of the two infant princes in the Tower. The Bard breaks off from his tragic prophecies to describe the glories of Elizabeth's reign, made most glorious by the genius of Shakespeare, who left us a legacy of "truth severe, by fairy fiction drest," and of Milton, whose immortal poem of "Paradise Lost" tells the story of "blooming Eden," like "a voice as of the cherub choir."

Page 52.—BOADICEA was the wife of a British chief of the Midlands. She was scourged by a Roman officer, but afterwards roused the British people to rise against their Roman taskmasters. She was defeated, however, and destroyed herself in despair. The Druid of the poem foretells the destruction of Rome by the barbarians, and the future glory of the British race.

Page 54.—ALFRED THE HARPER.—This poem tells the old story of Alfred visiting the Danish camp in the disguise of a minstrel. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this incident. After his refuge at Athelney, Alfred regained his kingdom in 878 by the great battle at Eddington, when the Danes under Guthrum were irretrievably defeated.

Page 61.—CHRISTMAS WASSAIL.—The word *wassail*, meaning "merry-making," is derived from the old Saxon drinking salutation, "Was hael?" (What health?), to which the answer was "Drink hael" (Drink health).

Page 62.—"MISERERE, DOMINE!"—Have mercy, O Lord. Words used in the Latin litany.

Page 63.—AGINCOURT.—See previous note on p. 308.

Page 68.—FLODDEN.—In September, 1513, was fought the battle of Flodden Field, in Northumberland, between the English and Scots. King James IV. of Scotland and upwards of ten thousand of his army were slain.

Page 70.—PROVOST.—The chief magistrate of Edinburgh.

Page 73.—ROYAL LION.—The lion on the Royal Standard of Scotland. In this case it refers to the Scottish king.

Page 74.—THE ARMADA.—On the 19th of July, 1588, a Spanish fleet of 131 ships, carrying on board 8,000 sailors and 17,000 soldiers, under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, set sail for England. The fleet was called by the Spaniards the "Invincible Armada," but the bravery of Englishmen and the fury of the elements have made that name one of bitter irony. The British navy, under those immortal heroes, Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir John Hawkins, scattered the enemy's fleet, who were further dispersed and destroyed by a great storm. Out of the whole expedition less than 10,000 men returned to tell the tale.

Page 75.—SEMPER EADEM.—Always the same.

Page 79.—MARSTON MOOR.—This battle, fought on the 3rd of July, 1644, was one of the most disastrous to the Royalist cause. Cromwell's cavalry, the famous Ironsides,

fought for the first time and achieved the victory. Cromwell, writing after the battle, said, "The left wing, which I commanded . . . beat all the Prince's Horse. God made them as stubble to our swords."

Page 79.—SIR NICHOLAS.—This is an imaginary character.

Page 80.—PRINCE RUPERT.—Nephew to Charles I. Son of the Elector Palatine of Germany and Elizabeth, daughter of James I. He was a dashing cavalry leader, but lacked prudence. He brought over a number of "bullies of the Rhine."

Page 80.—SKIPPON AND PRIDE.—Royalist officers.

Page 80.—FAIRFAX.—Son of Lord Thomas Fairfax, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary forces.

Page 82.—*Quantum Suff.*—Abridged from the Latin, *Quantum sufficet*, "as much as is enough."

Page 82.—LENTHAL.—The Speaker of the House of Commons.

Page 82.—HUGH PETERS.—A commoner who took part in "Pride's Purge," when Colonel Pride evicted the Members from the House of Commons.

Page 83.—GRISSEL HUME.—The daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, a Scottish gentleman, who was implicated in Monmouth's rebellion during the reign of James II., and forced to take refuge in Holland. Grisel was the gentle guardian and brave comforter of Sir Patrick's large family during their exile and poverty. The facts introduced into this delightful poem of domestic life by Joanna Baillie are taken from a memoir of Grisel Hume by her daughter, Lady Murray.

Page 85.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS were a band of Puritans, numbering about 100 men, women, and children, who set sail from Boston, Lincolnshire, in the good ship *Mayflower* in the year 1620, to settle in a land where they might have freedom to worship God according to their own belief. The last English town at which the *Mayflower* stopped was Plymouth, and after a long voyage, she sighted land on the coast of North America, now called the State of Massachusetts. Here they

landed and settled, and the new town built up by their industry they called "Plymouth."

Page 89.—HOHENLINDEN, in Bavaria, where an Austrian army was defeated in 1800 by the French under General Moreau.

Page 90.—BLENHEIM.—This battle was fought on the 13th of August, 1704, when the Duke of Marlborough and his ally, Prince Eugène of Savoy, totally defeated a great French army at the village of Blenheim, on the river Danube in Bavaria.

Page 96.—KING HARRY.—Henry IV., called the Great, King of France and Navarre. (Reigned 1589—1610.) Murdered by Francis Ravallac, 14th May, 1610.

Page 96.—CONDÉ.—Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Condé, called "the Great Condé"; the most illustrious general of Louis XIV. He achieved a number of brilliant victories against the Spaniards and Austrians.

Page 97.—MONSIEUR TURENNE.—Marshal of France; a contemporary of Condé, and only second in military genius to that great general.

Page 97.—MALBROOK, the French pronunciation of Marlborough. A favourite song of the great Napoleon was *Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*, "Marlboro' sets out to the war."

Page 97.—NAMUR, taken and yielded several times by the French between 1746 and 1814.

Page 97.—RAMILLIES, in Belgium, the site of one of the Duke of Marlborough's most brilliant victories. He defeated the French, commanded by the Elector of Bavaria, and the Marshal de Villeroy, on May 23rd, 1706.

Page 97.—MALPLAQUET (N. of France).—Here Marlborough and Prince Eugène defeated the French, under Marshal Villars, 11th September, 1709.

Page 98.—FONTENOY, near Tournay in Belgium, where a great battle took place (11th of May, 1745) between the French under Marshal Saxe and the allied armies of England, Hanover, Holland, and Austria, under the Duke of Cumber-

land. Both sides lost terribly, but the allies were compelled to retire.

Page 98—SOUBISE, CHARLES DE ROHAN, PRINCE DE.—Peer and marshal of France, born 1715. He was given the command in the Seven Years' War by Louis XV

Page 98.—ROSSBACH, in Prussia, where the French and Austrians were defeated by Frederick the Great and his Prussians, on November 5th, 1757.

Page 98.—MONTCALM, THE MARQUIS OF.—A gallant French general, whose last memorable work was the defence of Quebec against the English under General Wolfe. It is not too much to say that Wolfe would never have succeeded if it had not been for the jealousy and disloyalty which Montcalm experienced from his colleagues. He lost his life when the town was captured, September 13th, 1759.

Page 100.—YORKTOWN, notable for the disastrous defeat of the English under Lord Cornwallis, in October, 1781, when they were obliged to surrender their army of 7,000 men to the armies of America and France, under General Washington and Count Rochambeau.

Page 100.—MONSIEUR.—The title of "Monsieur" was always given to the eldest brother of the French king.

Page 100.—D'ARTOIS.—Charles X. of France was known in early life and after his abdication as Comte d'Artois. He married Maria Theresa of Savoy, and succeeded Louis XVIII. to the throne in 1824.

Page 100.—LAFAYETTE, MARQUIS DE.—This nobleman, at twenty years of age, fitted out a vessel with men and arms and assisted the inhabitants of North America in their struggle against Great Britain of 1778-83, which resulted in the American Independence. Lafayette afterwards became general of the "National Guard" of Paris, and in the early days of the French Revolution defended the Royal Family from the excesses of the mob. At a later date he became a moderate adherent of the revolution and of the Republic which resulted from it.

Page 101.—THE BASTILLE.—This fortress and prison cor-

responded in Paris to our Tower of London. During the old French monarchy many an unfortunate wretch, who incurred the displeasure of the sovereigns or their favourites, was consigned by the infamous *lettres de cachet* (sealed letters) to its dark dungeons to die of madness or despair. When the lower orders of Paris revolted against the aristocrats, the first object of their vengeance was the Bastille, which they stormed and destroyed on July 4th, 1789.

Page 104.—SANTERRE, ANTOINE JOSEPH.—A French revolutionist; at one time commander-in-chief of the National Guard.

Page 104.—LAMBALLE (1749-1792).—Marie, Princesse de Savoie-Carignan, intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. She shared the unfortunate queen's imprisonment in the Temple until she was beheaded. Her head was exhibited on a pike in front of the queen's windows.

Page 105.—SAFETY COMMITTEE.—Better known by the French title of *Comité du Salut Public* (Committee of Public Safety). It consisted of twelve members (chief among whom was Robespierre), who were the leaders of the great French Revolution, and were largely responsible for the horrible excesses which have made that period disgraceful. It was during their sway that so many illustrious persons lost their heads on the guillotine.

Page 106.—BONAPARTE. — Napoleon Bonaparte, first Emperor of France, was born August 15th, 1769. He became an officer of artillery, and quickly won distinction in the war which France waged against Europe after the Revolution. In his campaign in Italy his arms were always victorious, and the French nation acclaimed him as their hero and leader. The French government was in a state of anarchy, and Napoleon used the opportunity to gratify his ambition. He was made First Consul in 1799, and proclaimed Emperor on May 18th, 1804. After a series of victories unparalleled in history, the greater part of Europe lay at his feet. Wellington in the Peninsula was the first to check the conqueror, and at last an alliance between the European Powers was successful

in the overthrow of the tyrant. Napoleon was forced to abdicate on the 5th of April, 1814. He was exiled to the island of Elba, but escaped and made one more struggle for power at Waterloo. After his defeat he was sent to St. Helena, where he remained until his death on May 5th, 1821.

Page 107.—MARENGO (14th of June, 1800).—This battle made Bonaparte master of Italy. After crossing the Alps into Piedmont he attacked the Austrians, and although he was at first nearly defeated, and had, indeed, commenced to retreat, the arrival of General Dessaix with reinforcements turned the fortune of war, and Napoleon triumphed.

Page 107.—JENA.—Here, in Central Germany, a great battle was fought between the French and Prussians on the 14th of October, 1806. Napoleon gained the victory. The Prussians lost nearly 30,000 killed and wounded, and nearly as many prisoners, with about 200 guns. The French loss amounted to 14,000 men.

Page 107.—NEY, MARSHAL.—One of Napoleon's greatest generals. He was executed December 7th, 1815, when the Royalists came into power again after Waterloo.

Page 110.—WATERLOO.—The ever-memorable battle was fought on Sunday, June 18th, 1815. The French army numbered 71,900 men, while Wellington was in command of 67,000, of whom more than half were Belgians and Dutch. The French fought with heroic bravery, but though Napoleon hurled his splendid cavalry again and again upon the British squares, they could not break through the red lines. The last attack was made by Napoleon's "Old Guard," the flower of his army, but these veterans were shattered, too, and driven back in hopeless retreat. Then Wellington, seeing that the moment of victory was at hand, moved forward his whole army. At this point the Prussians under Blucher came upon the field, and the French defeat was complete. Napoleon was taken prisoner, and ended his days in confinement on the island of St. Helena.

Page 115.—COOT AND HERN.—The coot is a water-fowl,

about 15 inches in length, with a black body and a bald forehead. The hern is a shortened form of heron.

Page 138.—KING PANDION.—Pan, or Pandion, was supposed to be the god of Nature.

Page 138.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.—The highest praise this lovely poem has received was that of General Wolfe. After many months of desperate fighting to take the almost impregnable city of Quebec, Wolfe determined to make one last effort—viz. to scale the Heights of Abraham. On the night of the attack, as he was being rowed silently down the river, he recited Gray's Elegy in a low voice to the men in his boat. When he had ended, he said in an enthusiastic whisper, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec."

Page 146.—*Domine, Domine*.—The words *Miserere, Domine* (Have mercy on us, O Lord) occur with frequent repetition in Latin litanies.

Page 147.—"AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE."—This was the last poem of "Thomas Ingoldsby" (the Rev. Richard Barham), who wrote it as he lay on his death-bed.

Page 157.—THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.—This is an historical personage, and the facts of the poem are correct. The Burleighs are a branch of the Cecil family, of which the present Marquis of Salisbury is the head.

Page 167.—DIONYS.—Tyrant of Syracuse (b. 430, d. 367 B.C.), a great Athenian general.

Page 172.—CALIPH.—One of the titles of the Sultans of Turkey, who are the nominal successors of Mahomet, and are invested with supreme dignity and power in all matters religious and civil.

Page 174.—BISHOP HATTO.—This old legend is well known in Germany, and the tower where Bishop Hatto is said to have taken refuge is still in existence near Bingen on the Rhine.

Page 178.—KING FRANCIS.—Francis I. of France (reigned 1515–1547), called the Father of Letters. His court was renowned for its chivalry and magnificence.

Page 182.—ALEXANDER SELKIRK (b. 1676, d. 1723).—Son of a shoemaker, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. He was wrecked on the island of Juan Fernandez, in the South Seas, and remained there alone for four years, until he was taken off by a Captain Rogers.

Page 186.—"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI."—The Beautiful Lady without Mercy. The word *merci* is used more commonly in the sense of "thanks."

Page 192.—"FIVE WANDERING FIRES," ETC.—The five Planets known in Milton's time—Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

Page 192.—QUATERNION.—A group of four, applied to persons or things. Milton says, "The angels themselves are distinguished and quaternioned into their celestial prince-doms."

Page 211.—FARDELS.—Burdens, from the French *fardeau*, a pack.

Page 212.—LUPERCAL.—An ancient Roman feast in honour of the god Lupercus, so called because he warded off wolves. (*Lupus*, a wolf.) A grotto in the Palatine Hill was also called by this name as being sacred to the god.

Page 212.—MARK ANTONY.—Born about A.D. 83, was consul with Cæsar, and after his murder endeavoured to succeed to his power.

Page 217.—DIANA.—The goddess who was supposed to preside over chase and war, wood, plain, and water.

Page 217.—ORPHEUS.—The singer, whose power of music was said by the ancients to have been so great that he could move even inanimate things. He journeyed to Hades to bring his dead wife, Eurydice, back to earth. It was promised him by the gods that he should rescue his wife if he took care not to look behind him on the way back. This he was careless enough to do, and he lost his wife for ever.

Page 217.—EREBUS.—A word which denotes darkness. Virgil gives this name to the abode of the dead.

Page 218.—LORD OF CAMBRIDGE AND LORD SCROOP.—Henry V.'s army was assembled at Southampton, and he was

on the point of setting out for France, when he received intelligence of a conspiracy against his life. The ringleaders were his cousin Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and Lord Scrope (or Scroop) of Masham. The latter had been his intimate companion at the council-table, at the chase, and in the chamber. The design of the traitors had been to set the Earl of March on the throne. They and their accomplices were executed.

Page 225.—*Sans.*—Without (French). Chaucer and Shakespeare frequently make use of this word, which has now been entirely dropped from the English language.

Page. 255.—*CANUTE.*—Danish king who ruled over England, 1017-35.

Page 258.—*Communis omnibus* (Latin).—Common to all.

Page 267.—*Tout entier* (French).—Quite, entirely.

Page 267.—*Mari* (French).—Husband.

Page 267.—*Père* (French).—Father.

Page 268.—*Tout au contraire* (French).—Quite the contrary.

Page 280.—*Raison de plus* (French).—Another reason.

Page 280.—*Crede experto* (Latin).—Believe the expert, or experienced.

Page 284.—*GUILDER.*—A German piece of money worth about two shillings.

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The troubadour

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